LOVE AND THE LIGHT

AN IDYL OF THE WESTLAND

Orson F. Whitney

Bishop Albert Manwaring
from
Mr & Mrs J. B. Keeler
on his
Birth-day, July 25th.

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In a Valley Mountain-girdled.

Love and the Light

An Idyl of the Westland

Night—then morn-burst! Angel Sunrise,
Archer from the gates of Orient,
Crimson-golden arrows speeding
Through the gloom and 'thwart the grayness,
Crowning every crest with splendor,
Flooding every glen with glory.

* * *

And the happy Earth seemed Heaven
When at last the truth was told him,
When he knew she lived and loved him,
When, a gift from God, he claimed her
That great day the world was gladdened
By a Light that shineth alway.

By

Orson Ferguson Whitney

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FOREWORD

A love story, into which the religious experience of both hero and heroine is interwoven—such is "Love and the Light; an Idyl of the Westland." Begun during Christmastide of 1910, work upon it has been of a desultory character, owing to routine duties demanding the author's first and continuous attention.

This poem has a definite purpose. To combat the influence of the so-called "Higher Criticism," which is indoctrinating with hurtful effect the minds and hearts of many of the youth—that is its paramount aim. The story form is chosen to make the theme more attractive and insure wider perusal, especially on the part of young people. The reader, while absorbing the romance, will partake necessarily of the instruction.

The Idyl is annotated with a view to its introduction and use as a text book in the schools. That all classes will find in it entertainment and food for reflection, is the fervent hope of the author.

SYNOPSIS

The heroine is a Western girl, born and reared in the region of the Rocky Mountains, beautiful and accomplished, but tinged with atheism, imbibed at the college where she completed her education. The hero is a New Englander, a Harvard graduate, who, from an independent attitude toward creeds and churches, is won to the religion of Jesus Christ, and endeavors to convert the lady of his love. His vocation, like hers, is that of teacher. The New England youth and the fictitious narrator of the story were college chums, and it is through the latter that the former, while on a visit to the West, becomes acquainted with the young woman whom he recognizes as his fate. The mutual relations of the pair, with the pros and cons of the great problem dividing them—the problem of atheism versus religion—form the backbone of the narrative.

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These notes are designed especially for students, but the general reader may also find them helpful. For the information of those unfamiliar with text-book annotations, it need only be said that the numeral attached to the word or phrase requiring explanation is the number of the note explaining it. Each note has a like reference to the page on which the word or phrase may be found.

LOVE AND THE LIGHT

An Idyl of the Westland

I

MAID AND LOVER

IN A VALLEY mountain-girdled,
'Mid the heave on heave of summits,
Lifting to the sky like billows
Whitened with the foam of ages;
In a village in that valley
Dwelt a Maiden fair as morning,
Sweeter than the breath of evening,

Autumn-blown from piney woodlands,
Kissing clover fields and meadows,
Sighing through the scented branches
Of rare orchards, apple-laden.

There this dainty flower, unfolding,
Budding into fairest being,
Blossoming in grace and beauty,
Glorified the village garden.

There I knew her, there I loved her,
Loved her—but of that no matter,
Haply 'twas as friend or brother.

Not alone her charm of person,
Loveliness of form and feature;
Mental gifts and moral graces,
Jewels of the mind and spirit,
Fit to shine in haunts of sages,
Or in palaces of princes—
These were hers, 'mid other treasures.

Humble though the home surroundings—
Cottage-nest with neat environs—
Robed in royalty of learning,
Crowned with living inspiration,
Queen she ruled with potent sceptre,
Pen of swift and subtle power,
O'er the empire of expression,
O'er the wider realm, suggestion.

Tongue of truthfulness and candor,
Harplike voice of tuneful cadence,
When it willed to fling its music,
Soft as stars their midnight lustre,
O'er the solitudes of silence.

Gentle speech and modest manner,
Nature's stamp of true refinement,
Eloquent of birth and breeding.

Foster-child was she, an orphan,
Reared from infancy by strangers;
Blossom of a tree patrician,
Rooted in a soil plebeian.
Rumored 'twas that her clear life stream
At some early fount was noble.

Do I paint in ideal colors?
Seems my praise exaggeration?
Would I claim for her perfection?
Nay, for she was human, mortal.
Faults there were, but love o'erlooked them,
Blind, or seeing in her failings
Deeper warrant for devotion.
Love and charity are twin-born,
Twain of name, though one in nature.

Statuesque of mien and manner,
Classic mould, with college training;
Model of the skilled preceptor,

Wedded to her high vocation,
Dearly loved and fondly cared for,
First and last in her affections.
All else, in her estimation,
Pleasures, duties or possessions,
Were but fragments of life's feasting,
Obligation's second sitting,
Crumbs from education's table.

Chaste and fair as cold Hypatia,[1]
Whom, in sooth, she much resembled;
Chilled with ices intellectual,
Loved she books, but loved no lover.

Culture—this was her religion;
If aught else, then criticism,
Founded on the claims of science,
Or what passed for such with many.
Her's the bark of doubt, slow drifting,
Oarless, rudderless and aimless,
Down the tide of skepticism.

Such at least the reputation,
Tossed on tongues of village gossip,
Torn by hoof and horn bucolic;
Multiplying village gossip,
Magnifying rural rumor,
Making much of every little.

From the green hills of New England,
To the white-crowned Rocky Mountains,
Land of dreamful desolation,
Land of relic and of ruin,
Silent, solemn, unresponsive
Realm of mystery and marvel,
Realm of whispered half-revealings;
To this land of peak and prairie,
Burning waste and frozen summit,
Bowl-like land of bitter waters,
Barren vales and blooming gardens,
Journeyed forth a stalwart scion
Of the Plymouth-landing Pilgrims.[2]

Mental toiler, mystic dreamer,
Worn with stress of midnight study,
Seeking restful recreation
In the romance of adventure
'Mid the weird scenes of the Westland.[3]

Friend of mine at classic Cambridge,
College chum at Mater Harvard,[4]
Gifted o'er his gifted fellows,
Leader, idol of his classmates,
Graduating high in honor,
Laurel-crowned with admiration
And with envious detraction—
Merit's two-fold recognition.

Youthful he, and yet no stripling;
Student, but no shriveled bookworm;

Robust, towering, strong and stately,
In all manly sports excelling.
Poet, orator and athlete,
Loving art, adoring nature,
Deep in philosophic thinking,
Wise in ancient lore and modern.

Heedful of the claims of science,
Yet no scoffer at religion;
Honoring the Christ's example,
Altruistic paths pursuing,
Creeds and churches all ignoring,
Seeing their defects, yet finding
In these motes upon the sun-disc
Of the Nazarene's high teaching,
No clear cause for madly plunging
In the whirl of error's maelstrom.

When his way of life selecting,
Chose he Aristotle's[5] calling,
Wise Gamaliel's[6] avocation;
Pedagogy, master science,
Found in him a fond disciple.

Past those stern heights,[7] storm-browed, threatening,
Onward toward the placid ocean,[8]
To and from the flowery coastland,
Came he to my mountain valley,

"Came and saw and"—swift surrendered,
Met and loved my village Maiden,
Loved her with an adoration
Such as angels win from mortals.

Marvel not, for she was worthy
Of a true heart's tenderest homage.

Who that looked upon her beauty
Could indifferent be thereafter?
Figure willowy, lithe and slender;
Oval face, Hellenic[9]-featured,
Tinge of pink on Parian marble,[10]
Kiss of sunset on a snowdrift;
Mouth, a Cupid's bow, revealing
Perfect teeth of even whiteness;
Eyes of blue, serene and thoughtful,
Wistful gaze, far off and dreamward;
Brow a Juno[11] might have envied,
Hair, a coronal of glory.

Spite of classic, stony stillness,
Spite of what some deemed heart-coldness,
She was flesh, though seeming marble,
Flesh of quivering, finest fiber,
Garb befitting spirit gentle.
Tremulous with nerve and feeling,
Sympathetic o'er the grieving,
All inspired and all inspiring
Helper of the upward toiling,

Last to seek a selfish comfort,
First to feel the prompt of pity
Toward the needy and the erring;
Ever mindful of the welfare
Of the least and lowliest round her.

Do you wonder love could worship
Where such gifts and graces blended?

What is love? Can speech define it?
Love is mightier than language.
Can the lesser bound the greater?
Can the brook embrace the ocean?

Love? Is it but lustful burning,
Momentary flower of passion,
Blooming forth from youthful vigor
In the springtime of the senses?

Ne'er be day with night confounded,
Substance mingled with its shadow.
Lust, the guise of love assuming,
Wanders forth a homeless beggar,
Here today, tomorrow yonder;
Selfish, brutal, bent on taking,
Savage, groveling and ungrateful.
Love, possessor and provider,
Ever giving, gaining ever,
Wealthiest when most bestowing,
Happiest when all imparting.
Chivalrous, urbane and gentle,

Fine, and all around refining;
Anchored in appreciation,
Loyal, constant and unchanging.

Deem it not base-born, this passion,
Even in its earthly phases;
Call it not impure, unholy,
Till it seek a goal forbidden,
Coveting the unbelonging,
Or pervert from wholesome purpose
Its own lawful pure possession,
Love dethroned by carnal craving,
Lost in riotous o'erliving.

Love is dual, love is twofold,
Like the soul and all it symbols;
Body, spirit, both essential
To a rounded, full completion.

Gate to life, and guide to living,
Joy of earth, and ALL of Heaven;
This, I ween, some part of love is.

Was it absent or but latent?
Was it dead or only slumbering,
In the bosom of the Maiden?

Gladly as my guest I welcomed
Him, my college friend, companion.
Had he been an only brother,

Scarce could I have held him dearer.
He in turn esteemed me fondly.
Such the tender tie that bound us,
Seemed his triumphs my successes,
Seemed my sadness his own sorrow;
Each the other's alter ego.
David, Jonathan,[12] men named us.
Would of this I had been worthy.

Than his spirit nothing nobler
Have I known in human nature.
Character so pure and lofty,
Clean and void of guilty blemish,
As yon towering, snow-enameled,
Sunlit peak, unsoiled, untainted,
And by foot of man untrodden.

Worthy he of such a woman,
Symboled by the virgin valley,
Bright with streams of crystal clearness,
Garlanded with fruits and flowers,
Gifted with a wondrous beauty,
Dowered as a bride by Nature,
Wedded to the stalwart mountain,
In his giant arms reposing.
Worthy he of such a woman;
Sums it all this fit conclusion.

Was it but a dreamer's fancy,
His conviction, fondly cherished,

They had known and loved each other
In some long forgotten lifetime,
Ere oblivion had fallen
As a veil 'twixt past and present?

I but tell the human story,
How they met and loved as mortals,
On a planet time-horizoned,
Prison-walled by past and future,
Till probation's test be ended,
Till doubt's dreary night be over,
Till belief is done believing,
And is face to face with knowing.

Toward that high anticipation,
Mounting homeward, yearning heavenward,
Turns the heart, forever hoping,
Hoping even while despairing,
Soaring as an eagle soareth,
Past the vapors of the valley,
Past the steeps and storms of earth-life,
To the Summits Ever-shining.

II

MEETING

AUTUMN—pensive, brown-eyed Autumn,
Queen of seasons in the Westland,
Garbed in royal gold and purple,
Reigned in rare imperial glory.

'Twas a mild October evening,
And my native town, close neighboring
On the Village of my mention,
Decked in day's departing splendor,
Aureoled in hues of sunset,
Jewel-sprayed the lovely landscape.

There the bidden educators
Of a region rich in schoolmen
And scholastic high endeavor,
Came to toast and pledge each other.

O'er that feast and flow of knowledge,
Glow of youth and bloom of beauty,
Flash of wit and flame of wisdom
Played in cheerful warmth of greeting,
Making brightness yet more brilliant,
Joy more mirthful, mirth more genial.

And, as wont on such occasion,
When lithe fancy soars triumphant,
Spurning e'en the highest hill-top,
Fact's most lofty summit scorning,
Much of oral ostentation,
O'erdone rhetoric, rare collation,
Peppered well with jokes and punning,
Sugar of delightful diction,
Salt of fine poetic phrasing,
Mingled with the coarser menu.

Chance had made my former classmate—
Though upon the scene arriving
Late, and unanticipating
The distinction thrust upon him—
The occasion's guest of honor;
In committee of arrangement,
Unanimity's selection
For chief place upon the program.

Ere the banqueters were seated,
Sundry critics found diversion
Carving up the new-arrived one,
Honored, as they claimed, unduly.

"Who and what is he, pray tell me?"
Loftily interrogated
Languorous one of twain, half yawning
In his gracious condescension
Toward a subject so unworthy.
He, himself but late from Eastland,[13]
Hitherto the social lion,
Had no relish for a rival
In the field of fresh sensation.

To his Lordliness responded,
Sympathetic, keen, a woman,
Witty, militant, aggressive,
Stinging not from spite or malice,
But from love—the love of stinging:

"Who or what or whence, I know not.
Some Veiled Prophet of Khorassan,[14]
Son of Moses or Mokanna;
Some rare Solomon of Wisdom,
Come to awe the Queen of Sheba.[15]
Though I've heard his praises sounded,
Gamuted in bass and treble,
Adulation ad nauseam,
Half I'm sure hath not been told me.

But I crave no swift revealing
Of a brilliancy abnormal;
Sorrow might increase with knowledge;
Too much light smote Saul with blindness."[16]

Then to me, some moments later,
Satire's barb now dipt in honey:
"Who is he, this handsome stranger,
Come from far to grace our banquet
And to glorify the program?"

Her I answered, not in anger,
Though with earnestness of feeling;
For to me the idle chatter
Of the twain had been repeated:

"He? A gentleman, a scholar,
One who owns his education,
And is not its slave, its puppet;
One who never stoops to cavil
Or to criticise unjustly.
'Hospitality' his watchword,
Courtesy to every comer—
Arab virtue,[17] aye remembered
By rough Ishmael of the desert;
Oft forgotten by the 'cultured,'
Whose politeness—thin veneering—
Lacks the inward core of kindness.
Who is he, our guest, our speaker?
You will know him, once his portrait
By his eloquence is painted."

Blushed a little, so I fancied,
The fair critic, faintly smiling,
And her pretty head high tossing
In half obdurate defiance.

While his Scornship, never deigning
A reply, stood skyward gazing
Through a monocle[18] superfluous—
His main evidence of wisdom—
As if conning some deep problem
Past the human comprehension,
Or all wirelessly communing
With some atmospheric castle,
Some imaginative planet,
Peopled with a race superior,
Typed by him, the one sole sample
Vouchsafed to the line of Adam.

Fell to me, as chosen chairman,
Speech of welcome, words of greeting;
To my friend, by special urging
Past reluctance, the oration.
His great theme, "The Educator."
Ran it thus, as I remember:

"Who is mightier than the teacher,
Than the master educator,
Mind-uplifting, soul-expanding,
Re-creator of the creature?
Mightiest when truth revealing,

High progression's pathway pointing,
And perfection's goal unveiling.

"Shall I paint my model teacher,
As the mind-eye now beholds him,
Looming like a stately mountain,
Capt with snow and crowned with sunlight,
Source of weal to smiling valleys,
Listening at his feet, receptive?

"First of all, a true commander,
Master of himself, and teaching
Precept by his high example.

"Bending not to pagan idols,
Seeking, past the gift, the Giver;
Past the creature, the Creator.
Troubled at no bigot's frowning,
To no despot's dictum yielding,
Tyranny and error fighting,
'Liberty and Light' the legend
Blazoned on his lofty banner;
'Gainst all guile, all wrong, contending,
Damning sin, yet saving sinners.

"Playing to no gallery plaudit;
Courting not wealth's recognition,
Nor the rabble's vain approval;
Swerving not, for praise or censure,

From the line where duty leads him,
And the path where judgment guides him,
To the goal where honor crowns him.

"Scornful of all petty practice,
Stabbing no man's reputation,
Filching not another's credit,
Envying no life its laurels,
Governed not by pride or passion,
Coveting nor gold nor glory.

"Tolerant of all opinion,
Modest, temperate of expression;
Given not to contradiction,
E'en though clearest fact confirms him;
Wielding an advantage mildly,
Generous to a fallen foeman;
Angered not by loss or losing,
Nor in triumph's hour exulting;
Willing, eager, for correction,
Welcoming from truth instruction;
Humbled by his weight of knowledge,
Ne'er too lofty to be learning.

"Hungering for facts, not fictions,
Unsufficed with classic nothings,
Ancient myths or modern fables,
Premature, half-fledged conclusions,
Maybe-so's and peradventures.

"Waging war on vain Assumption,
Heir, misborn and misbegotten,
Of thy folly, Education,
Of thy dalliance with Error.

"Bringing from the deep potential,
By persistent, patient toiling,
Treasure that might else lie hidden,
Buried out of sight forever,
Lost to human weal, undreamed of
Even by its dull possessor,
But for thy benign exertion,
Thy unselfish, strong endeavor,
Educator! mighty miner!
Precious ore, life's crude material,
Crass and coarse, made fine and finer
By thy marvel-working effort,
By thy wonder-wielding power,
Might-evolving thought and labor,
By thy pains and sacrifices,
Rarely known, requited never.

"Name no teacher 'educator'
Who perverts his noble calling,
Youthful minds and hearts misleading,
Prostituting and profaning
Reason's shrine with ribald worship,
Offerings of alien fire,
Incense unto Atheism.
Israel, Israel's God forsaking,
Bowing down to Baal and Dagon.[19]

"Spurning Truth, Time's navigator,
Captain of the craft Experience,
With his trusty lamp of guidance,
Lit for valorous exploration
Through the zones of doubt and darkness;
Past the frozen seas, outsailing
Icebergs of old dead tradition;
Past the cheerful camps of science,
On the coast of demonstration;
On through shoal and lake and river,
On to Wisdom's open ocean.

"Fares not so false Self Assurance,
Pirate craft, the pennant flaunting
Of the brave ship Self Reliance;
Reckless bark on danger's billow,
Heeding not the warning breakers
Thundering 'gainst the reef of ruin;
Steering not by star and compass,
But by comet blaze—false beacon,
Beckoning on to fell destruction.

"Be alert, good honest teacher,
Lest improvement mark thee laggard,
Lest progression leave thee stranded,
Slumbering in the past and slighting
Both the present and the future.

"Oracles of commonplaces,
Stale old platitudes repeating;

Parrots of the musty proverb,
Truths self-evident proclaiming;
Education's praises sounding
In pedantic threadbare diction,
Superannuated phrasing,
Ancient wisdom's cast-off clothing.
Owl-like e'en in worldly knowledge,
Bat-like to divine revealings,
Shunning light and seeking shadow,
Lost in maze of aimless aimings,
Lost in endless flutterings, flounderings—
Can we deem them educators?

"Who are these, as teachers posing,
That most need instruction's training,
Switch of satire's keen correction?
Alma Mater's[20] cultured coxcombs,
Sneering cynics, supercilious,
Pleased with nothing but their mirrors,
Wooing flattery's reflection.
Swollen peacocks in full feather,
Airing their superior(?) knowledge,
Showing thus a lack of learning,
Woeful lack of understanding,
Poverty, where wealth is wisdom,
Wanting which, all else is wanting.
Parasites of education,
Blight upon a great profession,
Loftiest of man's vocations.

"Whose throne higher than the teacher's
Chair of chaste and wise instruction?
Shames what king the pure preceptor,
Christ's most Christlike emulator?
He who aims to lift his fellow,
He who strives to make the creature
Grateful to the good Creator,
Equal unto earth's requiring,
And Eternity's demanding—
Master of both situations.

"Less than this—the soul's evolvement,
With the full of its potentials,
To the summit of its powers;
Less than this—man's loftiest conquest—
Victory o'er self, securing
All that's best in life and living,
All of worth here and hereafter,
Cannot be a ripened culture,
Is not perfect education.

"Near to thee, Divine Ordainer!
Next to thee, O God the Giver!
He who makes thy boon seem greater,
Thy benefic meaning plainer.

"Work of poet and of prophet,
Wisdom's pupil, learning's teacher,
Education's aviator,
Cleaving skies of last attainment,

And with heavenly fire returning,
On faith's altar truth rekindling!
Revelator! true Promethean![21]
Blest vocation—Christ's own calling.

"Great thy mission, Educator!
Complement of thine, Creator!
Ending of thy vast beginning,
Laying hold at thy leave-taking;
Ocean-like, the craft receiving,
When the land hath done its launching.

"Education and Creation,
Are they not as one, scanned wisely?
Are they not the same, seen clearly?
He who spake as no man speaketh,
Master-Teacher of all teachers,
One with thee, Almighty Maker!
Thou with him, Great Educator!"

Husht into respectful silence
E'en the frivolous, the unthinking,
Awed by his impressive manner
And his eloquent soul-searching.
So absorbed was meditation,
Following firm-gript attention,
Judgment failed to nod approval,
And applause forgot to thunder.

When at length appreciation
Found a voice, congratulations
Flew like doves unto their windows;
Compliments, as autumn foliage,
Showering thick and fast upon him.
Criticism sheathed its rapier,
And with clamorous approbation
Clapt its hands in childlike rapture.
Plain 'twas seen that by this champion
Truth had scored a deep impression.

Deep where depth of mind permitted—
Lordly Languor the exception;
His hurt pride he salved with silence,
Or with plaud of lesser numbers.
Envy's ruse when disingenuous,
When 'twould fain seem just and generous;
Overlauding under merit,
Mute while honest praise is sounding
O'er superior achievement;
Meanness hiding, yet not hidden.

Watched I one face rife with interest,
Wondering how far admiration,
Beaming from her classic features,
Had dispelled agnostic shadows,
O'er her splendid spirit hovering—
Heresies of atheism,
Garnered from scholastic vineyards,
Tares amid the wheat found growing.

Midway of the varied program,
From her place among the many,
As a flower, a lovely lily
In a wilderness of roses,
She, my story's inspiration,
Rose responsive to the challenge
Of the toastman's soaring diction.

What she said now matters little;
Witty 'twas, and wise and timely.
How she looked, my memory's treasure.

Bowing, smiling salutation
Right and left, as 'twere an empress
Giving her good subjects greeting—
Then it was his eye fell on her.
Captive to her charm of manner,
Prisoner to her many graces,
Love at once full tribute paid her,
Love to loveliness surrendered.

Whence, I ween, these tender verses,
Found among his cherished tokens:

Her portrait I'll paint you,
But that will acquaint you
With only the least of her charms;
Though her loveliness dare
With perfection compare,
And her sweetness all censure disarms.

From her dainty toe tips,
To where rose leaves for lips
Breathe a spell as of orchards abloom,
E'en the lily less white
Than this dream of delight,
Sent my soul to uplift and illume.

As when evening's glow
Gilds the summits of snow
On Shasta's, on Helen's high crest,[22]
Mark the undulant line
Of a beauty divine—
A billow by moonbeams caressed!

But the mountains aglow
With the sun and the snow
Reveal not the treasures within;
And the surges that shake
The long shore while they break,
What whisper from them can we win

Of the jewels and gold,
Of the riches untold
Lying hid in the deep coral caves,
Where the pearl hath a home
In the heart of the foam,
In the mystical realm of the waves?

Perchance when I try
Not all helpless am I,
Sweetest face, fairest form, to extol;

But I never can tell
Half the virtues that dwell
In the depths of her glorified soul.

"Dawn of love?" Nay, thus the simple,
Reckoning not with things eternal,
Deeming all of life imprisoned
In a part of life called "present".
Let them be, with their delusion;
Let them sleep if they would slumber;
They shall wake—the morning cometh.

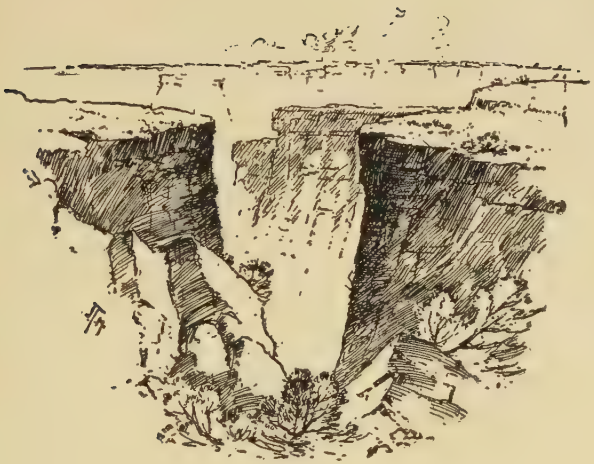
All things great have pre-existence,
And a claim on life hereafter.
Be this true of human living,
Why not true of human loving?
Life and Love, are they not equal,
Complement of one another?
God hath joined them. Who shall part them?
Dare man, e'en in thought, divorce them?

Love is more than earthly longing,
Love is more than mortal yearning,
More, far more than lover's plighting,
More than marital uniting
Lest a world should go unpeopled.

Love? 'Tis spirit recognition,
Mate to mate entreating, pleading

For renewal of affection,
For continued fond communion,
Formed of yore in some far planet,
Ancestor of this creation,
Formed by mutual attraction,
Sanctioned by God's smile paternal,
Gift of Him, a boon benignant,
Promise of a joy unending,
From a union everduring.

After banquet, a reception,
And they met—the Maid, the Lover,
Evermore her fond adorer,
Held in fetters dear, delightsome;
Nevermore to taste of freedom
From that willing, thrilling thraldom.



III

PARTING

WAS it chance or high intending?
Was it cruelty or kindness?—
Hidden good or heartless evil,
That compelled their separation?
Had he tarried with her longer
Would the fates have changed their fortunes?
Who can tell till Judgment sitteth
At the hour of all-unveiling?

Scarce had mixt their mutual glances,
Scarce had thrilled the soft hand-pressure,

When a message him far summoned
From that scene of soul reunion:
"Father dying, mother yearning
For the presence of her children."
So ran duty's urgent summons,
Honored without hesitation.

Time had grown a twelvemonth older—
Nay, 'twas but the noon of summer,
When my friend, once more forsaking
Home of youth and scenes of sireland,
Waved farewell, a final parting
With green-hilled and fair New England;
Hurrying on by rail and river,
Speeding far o'er plain and prairie,
Eager to give salutation
To the monarchs of the mountains,
To the bold, cloud-cleaving Rockies.

Even now as I salute them:
Friends, companions of my childhood!
Comrades evermore congenial!
Ministers to meditation,
Mood-compelling, mind-uplifting,
Lending wings for fancy's soaring,
Luring to sublime reflection!

Venerable and virile guardians,
Watchers o'er the weal of Westland;

Magi of a mystic region,
Witcheried and rife with wonders;
Marvelous in mineral values,
Marvelous in relics, ruins,
Heir to ages immemorial,
Grave of glories long departed,
Sepulchre of civilizations,
Buried, and as yet unrisen.

Blind to wonders and to marvels,
Sped he on with wistful vision,
Fain to glimpse from far the welcoming
Harbor of swift-sailing fancies,
Goal of fond anticipation;
Eager to behold the Valley
And the Village and the Maiden.

Changed was he from what he had been;
Heavy woes had on him fallen;
Father—mother—all his kindred
To the Spirit Land departed;
And his soul, by sorrow deepened,
In religious thought had ripened.

One Whom he had honored erstwhile,
Now he worshipt—not as worship
Many would-be sage disciples
Of the Merciful and Gracious,
By a reverent irreverence[23]
Stript of his divine essentials,

His identity with Godhood;—
Worshipt him as God made mortal,
Just as runs the gospel story
In the uncorrupted rendering
Of a plain unwrested Scripture.

Mortal made that man might profit
By His wondrous condescension;
Living as life's great Exemplar,
Dying to bring death's destruction,
To repoise unbalanced justice,
And restore right's equilibrium;
To unlock, for man's promotion,
All the avenues to Glory.
Ends ordained ere choiring morn stars
Harped them round Earth's infant cradle.

Partly had my presentation
Of the modern Prophet's[24] teachings—
Theme of many conversations—
Paved the way for his conversion.
Partly was it due to others
Of the Christ faith and persuasion.
Mostly had it sprung from striving
In an earnest prayerful wrestling
With the God that giveth wisdom
Unto all men, none upbraiding.

Then—rebirth, illumination!
By the Spirit all discerning,

Saw he what no man beholdeth,
Save the Light from Heaven be in him—
Saw the Nazarene as Saviour!
Saw the slandered one, His prophet!
And beheld the grey-gold dawning
Of a Gospel dispensation!

Oh the restfulness, the rapture
Of that mystical unveiling!
Of that marvelous beholding!

Love was loftier now and holier,
Than when Eros[25] woke the embers
In his bosom's depth rekindling.

Love—can it be soul-sufficing,
Ever fonder, dearer growing;
Can it flourish all-enduring,
Every tempest shock surviving,
When not grounded on religion,
On some hope beyond the human?

Is it love, if faith be wanting—
Trust in God, the trust that bringeth
Confidence in man and woman,
Confidence in life and living?

Faithless love—cold contradiction!
Faith lost, love lost, life and all things.
Faith, Hope, Love, the graces triune,
What were one without the others?

Yes, the heart-flame burned more brightly
For the soul-torch in him blazing.
Earth was fairer, Heaven was nearer,
Hope to Memory was singing:

I thought I loved thee, Darling,
In the dear days gone before,
When first thy beauty charmed me,
When first its chain I wore;

When hotly flamed love's furnace,
Yet flung no beacon-light,
To guide through doubt and darkness,
And glorify the night.

I know I loved thee, dear one,
With heart and mind aglow,
Ere passion's tumbling torrent
Had learned love's placid flow.

'Twas love, but not love's fulness,
The crown of after days,
The sceptre of a dream divine
That still my spirit sways.

I knew not then the meaning
Of that mysterious power,
Which makes strong men seem children,
Bids dwarfs to Titans[26] tower.

I did not see thee, Darling,
Though near me thou didst bide,
Blooming in girlhood's garden,
Fairer than all beside.

But now I see thee—know thee,
Beneath a purer ray,
And love thee as I never loved,
And could not till today.

Pure passion, ripening, ripening still,
And evermore to range
From mighty unto mightier love,
Yet know no other change.

He had found the pearl-like jewel,
Truth, the deathless, the unchanging,
And had stooped to where beside it
Sparkled love and life eternal.
And he bore to her the tidings
How she also might possess them,
Would she listen to the Teacher
Who had led him to the altar
Of the soul's illumination.

Onward sped the anxious Lover,
Steam and lightning the slow pinions
Bearing him to hope's dear haven.

He was past the mighty barrier,
Mountain spine[27] of wondrous Northland,
Continental stream-divider,
Hebe[28] of the melting snowdrift,
Ganymedes of the glacier,
Cooling draughts from crystal fountains
Sharing to each thirsty ocean;
Southward, westward, then had journeyed
Many leagues of dreary distance
O'er a waste of sand and sun-glare,
Dead and dying desolations,
When the iron Titan halted,
Panting, all but falling prostrate,
As a spent steed on Sahara.

Pending power's recuperation,
Useless the disabled engine,
Overheated in the tenseness
Of the travel's rush and roaring.

Ere complete the prompt repairing,
Flashed from far the doleful tidings:
"Bridge gone—train-wreck in the pathway!"
Onward movement blocking, barring,
While the cumbered track was clearing.

Some who rode now fell to wandering
O'er the voiceless waste surrounding;
Some with games and sports beguiling
Time the trainmen gave to toiling.

Straying far from his companions,
Giving rein to meditation,
He, my lonely poet pilgrim,
Found him in an ancient forest[29]—
Not like Dante's dreamed-of woodland,
Growth of gloom, prophetic portal,
Threshold to the shades infernal;
But a forest real, though fallen,
O'erturned, shattered, prone and crumbling,
Dead, and dreaming of the ages
Of far time through which it flourished
Upright in umbrageous glory.

Trees of stone, of flinty fiber,
Trunks and twigs and knotted fragments,
Hardened, lifeless petrefactions,
Strewn in far and wide profusion
On the parching, sun-seared desert.

What the cause of his depression?
What the secret of the sadness
That enwrapt him as a mantle,
While he scanned that flinty, fiery,
Glaring, sun-scorched desolation?

Did it whisper of the desert
Unto which his heart was hastening?
Did it tell him of a statue,
Love alone could melt to woman?—
Love of God, not love of human.

Poets have such premonitions,
Heirs are they to intimations,
Seeings, hearings, intuitions,
Undiscerned, unfelt by most men.

Were the poet unprophetic,
Or the prophet unpoetic,
Each were wanting in equipment
For the mission laid upon him.

Day on day the Titan halted,
Day on day the Pilgrim wandered,
Joined betimes a troop of travelers,
Touring from the flinty forest,
Steeds bestriding, onward moving
Past the slowly melting barrier.

Chief among the sights compelling
Mingled awe and admiration,
Far along a great gulf opened,[30]
Monster-jawed, as though devouring
In its wide voracious vastness,
In its Saturn-mouth,[31] unsated
As the hungry deeps of Sheol,[32]
Storm-struck, down-hurled cities, temples,
In its fell maw crusht and crumbling.

Cleft and sundered Earth there yawning
O'er abysmal dark Perdition!
Fancied so the spelled beholder,

Halting on the marge precarious
Of that ghoul-like gulf appalling.

Savage scar on face of Nature,
Weird and terrible as Hades;
Gaping wound in God's creation,
Awful, dread, beyond description,
Beggaring imagination.

Nature, stript and scourged and bleeding,
Thorn-crowned and to Calvary driven,
And her gorgeous robe imperial
Shredded as by tempest furies,
Torn to streaming flags and tatters;
Tragic coat of many colors,
Trampled, bloodstained, riven and writhing,
Twisting into forms fantastic,
As by witchery infernal,
Riding on the steeds of darkness,
Lightning-goaded, throbbing, thundering.

Was it earthquake, valley-cleaving?
Was it whirlwind, mountain-shouldering?—.
Fierce upheaval and convulsion,
Or swift deluge and erosion,
Shaped these frightened crags and caverns,
Carved these shuddering precipices?

Gulf of gulfs and gorge of gorges,
Length on length of leagues extending,

Breadth of miles on miles expanding,
Down from dizzy brink to torrent,
Eight mad furlongs wildly plunging.

Mind-amazing, world-alluring,
Crowning wonder of the Westland!

Glorious and grotesque presentment,
Good and ill, a motley vision,
Half-alluring, half repelling;
Rainbow-hued, yet shorn of radiance,
Like to Lucifer the Fallen;
Beautiful, though sadly brilliant,
Blazing with satanic splendor
In the sunset's dying glory;
All the hues of hell and heaven
In one blare of lurid blazoning,
In one master stroke commingled.

Night—then morn-burst! Angel Sunrise,
Archer from the gates of Orient,
Crimson-golden arrows speeding
Through the gloom and 'thwart the grayness,
Crowning every crest with splendor,
Flooding every glen with glory.
Angel of the Sovereign Presence,
Messenger of Light's deliverance,
Rolling back the rock sepulchral
For the glad Day's resurrection!

Prophecy of blight and blooming,
Crucifixion and ascension.

Seemed it so to him there gazing,
Brave heart, though he shook and trembled
Ere the dark had come to dawning,
From that fearful brink recoiling;
Shrinking back from more beholding
Of the symboled immolation.

Trembled less with fear than boding
Of some occult mystic meaning,
Esoteric sad foretelling,
In the sacrificial showing.

He, a dreamer, like that Joseph[33]
Glorified from pit and prison,
Martyred with a wholesome sorrow,
Ending in his exaltation;
Like him was he doomed, foredestined
To the grief that bringeth gladness,
To the gloom that breaks in glory?

Thoughts like these were round him hovering,
O'er him as a storm-cloud gathering,
While the train was onward thundering,
While he journeyed toward the Sunset,
Toward the land of bitter waters,

Desert land redeemed and smiling,
Sleeping land from slumber wakened,
Land of villages and vineyards,
Land of valleys mountain-girdled,
Mekka[34] of his earnest longings,
Home of memory's fondest dreamings;
Thither drawn as steel to loadstone.

IV

RETURN

DREAMS may soar to highest Heaven,
And the dreamer wake in Hades.
Crueler than fact is fancy,
Lifting cup to lip, then downward
Dashing all, joy's nectar spilling.

Fortune frowned upon his wooing;
Disappointment dogged his footsteps
From the hour of his returning
To where hope had lit a welcome
As a window-shining beacon,
Luring back, with needless beckoning,
Love from loneliness and wandering.

False the hope, the welcome wanting,
Void the bright anticipation.

She for whom his heart had hungered
Through long months of separation,
Was no more a modest dweller
'Mid the scenes her daily presence
Once enlivened and illumined.

Wealth had come, and with it absence—
Absence not alone of person,
Peace of mind was playing truant,
Calm content had fled to exile.
Cottage had been changed for mansion,
Village for the town forsaken.

Far remote from first surroundings,
Reigned she, social queen resplendent.

"Gone?"—he questioned in amazement,
When to him I broke the tidings—
"Gone? When? Whither? What the motive?
What the purpose of removal?"

"Hers," I answered, "the high motive
Of the student and the scholar,
Eager in the quest for learning
And a wider world experience.
Theirs—the kindred—their prime purpose
Nothing nobler, to my thinking,
Than a frivolous indulgence
Of desire for ostentation.

"Her one passion, education—
Evermore that thirst for culture!
Theirs, a pleasure-loving spirit
And a social aspiration—
Moth round candle vainly fluttering."

"Education!"—he repeated,
Wonder his dark eye dilating—
"In a school where dissipation
And frivolity are teachers?
More, far more had she of learning,
Than will henceforth her environ.
I foresee no acquisition
Worthy the high name of culture.

"Naught had she to gain by going,
Save, perchance, some sad experience,
With development through sorrow.
But we'll hope a happier outcome
Than anxiety now visions."

Least of all his disappointments,
Baffled hopes and broken plannings,
This removal of the jewel
From the casket erst enclosing;
Now to shine with gairish brilliance
On Society's nude bosom.

Speed could stride like a colossus[35]
O'er material space between them;

But the quest his soul was seeking
Lay beyond, far off and farther,
And the way thereto was thorny.
He could mix with Babel's millions,[36]
Be "among them," though "not of them,"
Be with her, and yet worlds distant
From the goal of his desiring.

Gulfs and train-wrecks were but shadowings
Of the obstacles encountered.

Spanned the distance intervening,
Met he first the opposition,
Cold, repellant and forbidding,
Of quick-rich, ambitious kindred,
Money-loving social climbers,
Aping show and chasing shadows;
Poor but yesterday and humble,
Proud today, upstartly haughty,
Millionaires of chance's minting,
Wealthy made by lucky mining,
Boastful of the rock they hewed from,
Blushful for the pit they rose from.

Having eyes to see, they saw not;
Kenning none of "auld acquaintance"
Save the likewise fortune-favored,
Smiling in swift recognition
On rich rogues, if fashion owned them.

All who prospered in things worldly
Welcomed were to their communion;
Lucre, well or evil gotten,
Surest passport to their favor.

And their aims for her were lofty—
So to their vain minds the seeming:

"She must wed with wealth and station;
Less than this were arrant folly,
Unbecoming her position,
Which might well attract a title,
And win royal recognition.
And since these you cannot offer,
What commends you to our favor?"

Thus they greeted the "intruder",
One unchained to Mammon's chariot,[37]
Vanity's world-fair despising.

To their cold and scornful question,
Silence was his only answer—
Eloquent and all-sufficing
When contempt finds full expression.

Once admitted to her presence,
He could plead his cause more freely.

She was changed from what she had been,
Changed since born his brief acquaintance

With this playmate of my childhood;
Changed, though not at one in most things
With her worldly vain surroundings.

No mean, petty, sordid prompting
Steeled the Maiden's heart against him;
Yet 'twas far the snowiest summit
In a range of difficulties
Flung athwart his onward pathway,
Rising alp on alp before him.
Mountainous her cold indifference
Unto him and unto all men.

Seemed she past the pale of romance,
Past the pale and power of loving.
What the cause, ofttimes was questioned,
But the problem shunned solution.

May an overthirst for knowledge
Parch the soul, till dry and barren
Are the fountains of affection?

Dead were days of tender dreaming?
Dead—or did she love another?
Poniard thought! What pangs it started
In the breast of her adorer!

Seated in my study, bending
O'er a master poet's volume,
Gift from him, wherein her portrait
Marked the page of my perusing—
Portrait of her girlhood, given
In our school days, days idyllic,
Days of dreams, when hearts beat happiest;
Seemed my gaze upon it fastened,
Seemed I gloating on it fondly,
In reality beholding
Book nor bookmark at that moment.
So complete was mind abstraction,
Sight no less than thought went wandering.

While I lingered, lost in reverie,
Deeming him afar, no tidings
Of his coming having reached me,
Entered he, as was his custom
In my home, sans ceremony,
Unannounced and unsaluting.
Plain to him what I beheld not—
Features, once seen, ne'er forgotten—
And in agony of feeling,
Such as jealous fear engenders,
Thus his torn soul he unbosomed:

"You, then—you the favored suitor!
You, my friend, likewise her lover!
Rivals—Jonathan and David!
God! Why need this to have happened?

"Should you not have been more candid,
Sparing her my vain appealings,
Sparing me humiliation?
When I questioned, 'Did you love her?'
And you answered, 'Yes, as sister,'
Did you bare your soul, my brother?
Did you tell me all? Oh answer!
Is there—is there aught between you?
Speak, affirm, and I shall never
Seek her more, but serve your wooing
Till success with joy hath crowned you,
And you win the prize I covet."

Touched me more than his reproaches,
His sublime self-abnegation,
Generous proffer of assistance
'Gainst himself and aim so cherished.

Moments flew ere my rejoinder
Clothed itself in thought's apparel.
When I spake 'twas with emotion
Equal to his own, though varying:

"Charge me not with lack of candor;
Credit me consideration.
Wanting was my speech in fulness?
'Twas to ease your mind the sooner,
And avoid the unmeant probing
Of my own pride-wounded spirit.
That my love is pure, platonic,

And my friendship, like yours, loyal,
Let sincerity assure you.

"We were playmates e'en from childhood,
Grew to be like brother, sister,
Little dreaming aught more tender
Might upspring from our attachment.
Neither did it in her bosom.
In my breast a flame was kindled,
Only to be quenched as quickly,
When it met no spark responsive
Of reciprocal emotion.

"We were not for one another,
Though her loveliness enthralled me.
Who hath e'er been proof against it?

"Gone the hope of love's requital,
We continued friends, as erstwhile,
Though by her removal parted,
And for some cause distant growing.

"I but half divine the reason—
Would not hazard an expression
Of what might prove vain surmising.
You will learn without my telling.

"Ever was she strange, unusual,
Quite unlike most other women,
Courtship, love and marriage shunning;

Books her only favored suitors,
Their caresses all-sufficing.

"Yet must there be better reason
Than the love of light and learning,
For a cloud that dims the splendor
Of an erstwhile sunny spirit.

" 'Twas the subject I was pondering,
When your coming drove the day-dream.

"Know I one man and one only,
Who might win her heart's affection,
Who might chase this chilling shadow;
And he mopes here in dejection,
Doubting, fearing, half desponding,
Shivering in the wintry breezes
Blown from frowning heights above him.

" 'Alps on alps'—What said Napoleon
Of such barriers? 'There shall be none.'
Take one leaf from his bold guide-book;
Onward o'er the icy summits
Till you conquer at Marengo![38]

"I shall pray that you may triumph,
Every obstacle surmounting,
Your defeat to victory turning.
Other help would only hinder.

"Now go forth unto the battle,
And the God of hosts go with you!"

Thrown his stalwart arms around me,
Smiles and tears each other chasing
O'er his countenance, irradiant
With a hope, a joy resplendent.

Still she welcomed not his wooing;
Long postponed, for some strange reason
On her part, the recognition
Of what loomed to him apparent
From the moment of their meeting.
Mated, one, in all congenial—
Such they were; his soul affirmed it,
And the inward-prompting Spirit
Stamped with truth the affirmation,
Sealing with a sure conviction.

Why in vain were his advances?
Why resisted love's invasion?
Deaf to all his importuning,
Passion's pure and fervent pleading,
Gazed she silent and unheeding
As the Sphinx on Egypt's desert.

Goaded nigh to desperation
By her unreceptive coldness,
By the frost of her demeanor,

In a moment misanthropic
Flung he from his pen this poem:

Be thou statue, be thou woman,
  Have I not been kind to thee?
Must I bow before thine altar,
  But to see thee turn and flee?
Must this heart heave on forever
  'Neath its passion, swift or slow,
And thine own remain unyielding,
  Fixt and frozen as the snow?

Where the sympathy so tender,
  Once so quick to soothe and heal?
Hast thou pleasure in the burden
  Of the wretchedness I feel?
Maiden, thou whose sunny glances
  Caused the iciest breast to glow!
What has turned thy heart to ashes?
  What has made thee as the snow?

Burns the flame that finds no fuel?
  Shall the unfed fountain run?
Sings the bird that wakes no echo?
  Blooms the flower that sees no sun?
Nevermore will I adore thee,
  Stony-hearted goddess—Go!
With thy whiter brow than marble,
  And thy bosom cold as snow.

Quickly from such mood repenting,
Pessimistic thoughts repressing,
Turned he yet again to wooing,
Reason reinforcing passion
In the warfare of persuasion:

"Dare you face the Final Judgment,
All sufficed with what you now are?
Owe you nothing to your Maker?
What of race perpetuation?
Would you go through life delinquent,
All possessing, naught bestowing?
With the wealth that Nature gave you,
Wealth of beauty, talent, wisdom,
Why not cancel obligation,
And make future days your debtor?

"Think upon a mateless Ever!
Servant lot,[89] though shared by angels.
Nay, smile not—we live hereafter,
And are either served or serving."

Thus he argued, thus he reasoned,
And anon she thus made answer:

"I admire your deep sincereness,
Though I share not your conviction.
Be it true that Mother Nature
Gave but to exact repayment,
Making it no gift, but purchase—

I am cheated in a bargain
That withheld all predilection
To bestow myself in marriage
And secure the joys maternal.

"Where, then, is my obligation?
Is it not already canceled
By such fraudulent creation?

"Come what may, I cannot change it—
This man-shunning disposition,
Preference for mind communion
With the nobles of the ages,
Through the medium of letters,
To a commonplace relation
Formed by ties of love and wedlock.

"Prejudice, I've none 'gainst marriage
As a social institution;
But I lack the inclination
To give more than my approval
For the race perpetuation.

"Why? Ask Nature, my Creator.
I must love ere I can marry,
And sex-love and I are strangers.

"As for endless single service"—
Here her smile grew half derisive—

"Having borne so long with mortals,
Need I fear to fare with angels?"

Thus she foiled both love and logic,
Thus she parried all his pleadings.

Marvel not, fond, faithful wooer!
When did love e'er bend to reason?
What he feels, his intuition,
This the only star of guidance,
This the only helm of steering
Known to Eros on his cruisings.

Love with love ne'er need to argue;
Love is not, where love must reason.

Cupid condescend to argue?
Give or take an explanation?
Cupid argues with his arrows,
And they leap to their conclusions.
What cares he for cause or pleading?
Guilty—innocent—no matter;
Hugs he still his own conviction.

Love is love, and reason reason,
Opposite as heat and cold are.

Yet how lame e'en here is logic.
Love is first and last of reasons.
What were all mind's architecture,

Intellect's proud superstructure,
If not grounded on the feeling?
If the heart, the soul were wanting?

Should there be a dearth of feeling
In the cold or calloused bosom
Of the maid thou art adoring,
Hope but little from thy logic,
As spilt water all thy pleading.

If, despite the true heart-prompting,
Mind alone have life's direction,
And no spark, no fire of feeling
Fall from Heaven, the right revealing,
Where the anchor and the cable?
Where, for storm-tossed souls, the beacon
That shall keep the best from wandering?

V.

DISILLUSION

DEARTH was there of deepest feeling
In the bosom of the Maiden.
Marvel not, for all is shallow
In the ebb-tides of affection.
They must love who live profoundly—
Love and worship; both essential
In the deeps that are the deepest.

As a cloud that shuts the sunlight
From a meadow starred with flowers,
O'er the beauty and the brightness,
The divineness of her spirit,

Shadows as of some great sorrow
Hovered ghostlike, unrelenting.

Yet 'twas not the ghost of sorrow,
Spectral shade of bygone grieving
O'er lost love or unrequited,
That engloomed and weighed her under.
What then? Is there aught more saddening?

Ay, the sadness born of darkness,
Spirit darkness, thick, o'erwhelming,
Though it come not in a moment,
Nor with thundrous tone and threatening,
But with stealthy step, insidious
As the blighting upas vapor,[40]
Creeping o'er its slumbering victim,
Breathing death, the soul's destruction.

Mists of Error's exhalation,
Sprung from godless college training,
Shadows deeper, denser growing,
'Mid irreverent environs;
These obscured her mental brightness,
Half eclipsed her noble nature,
Robbed it of a wealth of sweetness,
Honey into wormwood changing.

Love was starved, and faith was dwindling,
Faith in God, in man, in all things.

Sure the downward graduation
Of the soul that lives to question.

"Faith 'a principle of power'?[41]
Nay—mere credulous confiding,
Willingness to hug delusion."
Thus ofttimes outspoke the Maiden.

"When did ever blind believing
Scale the heights of truth and knowledge?
Doubt, not faith, betokens wisdom,
And bespeaks the mind's expansion.
Faith contented is with trusting;
Doubt demands the explanation.
'Tis a whiplash to progression,
And a spur to all endeavor."

Such the letter of her logic,
Such the spirit of her teaching.

"Pardon well-meant contradiction,"
Lover thus to Maid responded.
"Doubt its mission hath, I grant you;
Hence, I doubt your declaration.
When it springs from sense of caution,
When it warns of lurking danger,
Doubt, indeed, is wisdom's handmaid—
Nay, 'tis wisdom's self, no other.
Not so, when to doubt is treason,
When it signifies rebellion,
As involving truth's rejection.

"In a world by Faith created,
And designed for faith's promotion—
Faith, that reacheth after knowledge
As a flower that seeks the sunlight;
Knowledge, fatal to all progress
If on man poured prematurely;
How can doubt lead up to knowing,
When its every trend is downward?

"If doubt be the path to wisdom,
Then doth wisdom lurk beneath us,
And is not upon the summits,
Beckoning hope to high achievement.

"Paganism's classic fiction,
Throning wisdom on Olympus,
With Apollo and Minerva[42]
And the art-inspiring Muses,
Nearer truth is than such teaching.

"Doubt was ne'er the cause of doing;
Brake, not wheel, its proper symbol.
Faith alone impels to research,
E'en as searching leads to finding;
Faith the primal inspiration,
Spur and mainspring of endeavor.

"E'en the question academic,
That must preface all inquiry,
Springs from faith, the root of knowledge,
And is born of light, not darkness.

"Faith, not doubt, solves reason's problems,
Lights the torch elucidation,
Through the misty caves of science
Piloting investigation.

" 'Doubt demands'—but faith discovers
And brings forth 'the explanation'.

"Truth is found by firm believing,
Never 'blind,' however humble,
Willing to be led, and wisely
Trusting, but while trusting, toiling,
Toward its goal forever climbing.

"Thus we scale the Empyrean,
Thus we mount from earth to heaven,
Round by round, a firm foot planting
First on faith, its strength ne'er doubting;
Then unto repentance rising,
And the dual birth baptismal,
Where the human hath its cleansing,
Ere divine illumination
Lighteth on to higher living
And to loftier attainment.

"Works are but belief's expression,
Steps of faith's transcendent stairway—
Process of the soul's salvation,
Path of infinite progression.

"Faith, the parent of obedience,
Holds the key to every blessing,[43]
Opens all the locks for progress
On the highway to perfection.

" 'Tis by faith we have our being,
All life's power and all life's action.
Doubt invites defeat, destruction.
Doubt, in God, would doom creation,
Caused, upheld, by Faith Eternal."

But no soul is saved by logic,
Nor by eloquence, nor learning.
None approach the Throne unbidden.
None can come until Christ call him,
None, until the Father draw him.

Man, to eye and ear appealing,
Can but voice the saving message.
God alone the heart converteth,
And His hand must "give the increase."

His, likewise, the preparation;
Till His plowshare turn the furrow,
Till He maketh soft the hard ground,
What avails the toil of sower
Or the excellence of seeding?

Her allegiance was to Science.
So she deemed; but doubt misled her—
Doubt, whose other name is darkness.

Shallow-dredging criticism,
Learning's false impersonator;
Intellectual nihilism,
Faith-uprooting, hope-destroying,
Theory for fact enthroning,
Miracle as myth rejecting,
Christ, as God, repudiating,
And its own existence doubting;
Unknown god of pseudo-science,
As the true God masquerading,
This she bowed to, this she worshipt,
Deifying human wisdom
At the shrine of demonstration.

What to her the high impressions
Born of humble, prayerful pleading—
Intimations, premonitions,
Symbolings, interpretations?
"Vague, remote, poetic fancies!"
"Idle, visionary notions!"
"Figments of imagination."
Such her cynical pronouncement.

What recked she of dreams and visions,
Revelation, inspiration,
Gold and silver of the Gospel,

Heavenly riches, more than rubies?
"Dross" when touch-stoned by her "science,"
And by lofty(?) criticism,
Burrowing into doubt for knowledge,
Delving in the dirt for wisdom!

Love and life in worlds aforetime?
Life and love in worlds hereafter?
True or untrue, either might be.
Not for her these "vagrant fancies,
Wandering from the realms of dreamland."

"Practical" was she—"no dreamer,"
Skeptical to spirit teachings,
Anchored in no sure conviction.
"Nature, no vague supernature,"
"Real, not ideal," her dominion.

Yet withal she loved the poets,
Children of imagination,
Weaving fancies for fact's welfare,
Ideals for real's emulation.

But at mention of the prophets,
Lip would curl as in derision,
Emphasized if angels, demons,
Were the subject of the story.

Then would scorn wreathe beauty's features,
Like the Snake that entered Eden,

Softening to a look of sorrow,
As when infinite Compassion
Wept o'er demons angel-vanquished,
Fallen e'en from hope of heaven.
Pitied she a soul "misguided",
And "made blind by superstition".

What more sad than disillusion?
What more deathlike than indifference?
Blight upon the flower of friendship,
Killing love, if love were mortal.

One hath found a precious jewel,
Treasure-trove of purest knowledge,
Gift from God, as all good gifts are,
And with friend or feer would share it.
Then to meet contempt, rejection,
Where o'erfond anticipation
Looked for grateful, glad acceptance,
With enjoyment full, congenial!

What so sad as disillusion's
Deep on deep of disappointment,
Where one fails to find the treasure,
Object of his earnest seeking—
Fails to find by patient searching,
What he hoped for, longed for, prayed for,
In the heart of his adored one,
In the soul he all but worshipt?

Loved the poets, scorned the prophets,
Poets of the highest order,
They who know the heart of all things,
They who in the book of nature
Scan one page of Supernature;
They who ken the drift of science
As the master kens the pupil,
As the sun looks on the rivers,
Streams inanimate or human,
Hurrying to their common ocean.

Prophets, mightiest of the poets,
They to whom the Gods tell secrets,
Doing naught till true revealings
Have made wise their trusted servants,[44]
Who in turn make wise the people;
Bringing past and future present
For the betterment of all men,
Earth for every change preparing
On her pilgrimage to glory.

Prophets, they who paint perfection
In such hues that inspiration,
Yoke-mating with strong endeavor
And led on by high incentive,
Dashing down or overleaping
Every barrier to progression,
Wins to vantage heights undreamed-of
By dull dwellers in the lowland,
Children of the mist who climb not

To the clear unclouded summits,
Thence to gaze, all things beholding;
Gropers in the gloom and shadow,
Unto whom the vales are mountains,
And the mountains less than valleys,
Unto whom divine is human,
And themselves the gods they worship.

"Have you never thought," he reasoned,
When, forgetful for the moment
Of her deathless obligation
To the art that nourished Shakespeare
And gave wings for Milton's soaring,
She had satirized the songster,
Ridiculing flights of fancy,
Making sport of signs and symbols,
Tools such mighty craftsmen work with;
"Have you never thought of poets,
Of these 'vague romantic dreamers',
With their 'visionary notions',
As the pioneers of progress
E'en in practical achievement?

"Had Columbus been no dreamer,
Unpoetic, unprophetic,
Would his soul have pointed westward
Ere his prow impaled the sunset?
Wanting faith, that findeth knowledge,
Would his thought the world have girdled,
Zoned with light a half-veiled planet,

Launching ideals on the ocean
Ere his caravel left Palos?[45]

"Would the Founders of our Nation
Against tyranny have risen,
Lexingtoned their path to freedom,
Valley-Forged their way to glory,
Had they never dreamed beforehand
They were Victory's chosen children,
Missioned for some mighty purpose
By a Power the worlds o'erruling,
Unto whom they pledged their 'fortunes',
Pledged their 'lives', their 'sacred honor',
To make fact of what they fancied?

"They were dreamers, beyond question,
But such dreamers as are doers
Of the deeds that make men tremble,
Thrill with lofty admiration,
In magnetic recognition
Of heroic high endeavor;
And the dreams they dream awaken
And come true for man's uplifting.

"Was it not Imagination
Gave us Mozart's masterpieces,
Glorious Wagner's grand creations,
Harped unto their spirit hearing,
Heard by them with inward rapture
Ere an outward note was sounded?"

"Plays—Euripides[46] or Shakespeare;
Poems—Homer, Wordsworth, Browning;
What are they but bare suggestions,
Skeletons imagination
Clothes with charm of endless beauty—
First for thrilled, enraptured author,
Then for reader or beholder?
What is seen, the unseen hinting,
Entrance, exit, symbolizing
Birth and death, time's mystic portals,
Heretofore, Hereafter, typing.

"What else than Imagination
Won for Phidias,[47] for Raphael
And for Angelo their triumphs?
Miracles of brush and chisel,
Marvels to all after ages?

"Was it fact, or was it fancy
Led to Gutenberg's invention,[48]
Multiplying learning's treasures?—
Fashioned Galileo's lenses,[49]
Magnifying vision's powers?

"What of Edison's and Morse's
And Marconi's weird achievements?[50]
What of motor-car and air-ship,
Merest hints of unborn marvels,
Swifter speedings, loftier soarings,
That shall wonder-strike the future?

"What of Darwin[51] and the dreamers
Whom you reverence profoundly
For their whole and half revealings
In the mystic realms of research?
Accoucheurs of infant knowledge,
Embryotic truths and errors,
Hooks whereon their rash disciples,
Eager to o'erleap conclusion
And surpass bewildered sages,
Hang conjecture and surmising—
Semi-facts—and name them 'science',
Shorter, shallower minds misleading.

"What of Evolution's findings?
Had it ne'er a fancy cherished,
It had ne'er a fact uncovered.

"Every art and every science,
Was it not some dreamer's 'notion'
Ere some later dreamer's magic
Woke it into life and action,
Fancy into fact transmuting?

" 'Tis another name for Genius,
This despised Imagination,
This poetic, all prophetic
Vision-viewer, wonder-worker!

"Symbols? They are keys to knowledge,
Pointers unto light and learning,

Lesser leading on to greater,
Up the stairway of suggestion—
Plato's 'scale',[52] progression's ladder,
Round by round from earth ascending
To the pinnacles of science,
To the very Throne of Wisdom.

"So that he who hath the fulness
Of the poet's gift creative
And his power interpretative
May all mystery unravel,
May all hidden sources fathom.

"God hath built his world on symbols,
That the wise might understand Him,
And the fools be more confounded.

"Earth a symbol is of Heaven,
Creature typifies Creator,
What is made proclaims the Maker.[53]

"All the universe one poem,
One great parable of wisdom;
And who reads what there is written,
He is Poet—he is Prophet."

Gladly to this point she heard him,
Listened sympathetic, spellbound,
E'en as raptured Desdemona[54]
To the Moor's romantic story;

Almost loved him for his learning,
And his eloquent recital
Of the victories of science,
And of art and valor's conquerings;
All her thought-hues harmonizing,
Mixt upon the mental canvas
Of his masterful word painting.

But alas! she could no further—
It was there communion ended,
Though his argument continued:

"Part of all earth owes the prophets
Is a debt unto the poets,
Prophets of a lesser calling,
They who measure light and dole it
In a delicate suggestion,
Guarding 'gainst offense, oft given
By the bold blunt proclamation.

"God would lift the souls of all men
From the slums of self and sinning,
Adding glory upon glory,
Until part becomes the perfect,
And man's joy finds full fruition.

"Yet what fulness but is measured
By capacity's containing?
Why came Socrates,[55] Confucius,
Zoroaster and Gautama?
Why not Christ alone?

"Truth answers:
Graded are the Master's teachings,
Lest come wasteful overflowing,
With a swifter condemnation
For indifference or rejection.
Milk, not meat, for infant palates,
Spirit babes, though mental giants,
Unprepared for strong nutrition,
Ministered by agents mightier.

"Teachers are as lamps and candles,
Lit from Heaven in every corner
Earth around where error darkens.

"Unto ears that will not listen
To the pleadings of the greater,
Sent the lesser, supplementing
Sharp command with soft persuasion,
Philosophic exposition,
Or poetic illustration;
All instruction to continue
Till each vessel brims to fulness.

"Is the thought not worth your thinking,
That these lesser and those greater—
Yea, the good and wise of all men,
With the part or with the fulness
Of the Light, as Heaven willeth,
Wittingly or all unknowing
Have been working out one problem

Under a Divine O'erruling,
Making ready for the coming
Of the mighty consummation
Of the Christ-Work universal,
Down the ages thunder-marching?

"Have you never thought of science
As an aid to revelation,
As a witness to religion,
Going fore or following after,
Way preparing, or confirming
What God's oracles have spoken?—
What the sacred bards and songsters,
Prophet-poets, poet-prophets,
Christ himself the chief among them,
Have been sounding from the house-top,
Through all times and generations,
In the dull ears of all living?"

She could follow him no further;
For the lamp within, low burning,
From the spray that doubt threw o'er it,
Gave no more illumination
For on-moving or up-soaring.

Half the light in her was darkness,
And the other half grew dimmer
As she turned from Truth—God's candle.

Quick, at mention of the prophets,
Played a smile of faint derision
On her curving lips, half pouting
With emotional revulsion.

When projected was the Christ theme,
And the glorious Second Coming,
Not alone in world-wide triumph
Of His error-conquering precepts—
Modern preachment's weak concession—
But by personal appearing,
Bringing in the reign of Good Will;
Lion of the tribe of Judah,
On the throne of David sitting,
Through a thousand years of splendor,
Of Millennial peace and progress,
Rolling on toward world-perfection;
Then it was a frown, a shadow,
Ominous of rising tempest,
Gathered on her Grecian forehead,
Half its classic beauty hiding.

When extolled was revelation,
And subordinated science
To the teachings of religion,
Glowed upon the milky whiteness
Of her cheek a flush of crimson,
Roseate rancor of resentment
'Gainst a zeal iconoclastic,
That would her fond idol shatter.

"Strange so sapient, so sagacious,
Bold and eloquent a champion
Can so misdirect his powers,
And his energies so squander,
Wasting time and talent's treasure
On these worse than worthless fables!"

Thus began, in mild arraignment,
Scorn's phillipic, fiery, scathing.

"Prophets! What are they—those greybeards
Who in ages past stood sponsor
For the credulous, confiding,
Simple, shallow-minded masses?
Mediating for the people
At the shrine of god or goddess—
Isis,[56] Jupiter, Jehovah,
Vishnu, Venus or Astarte!
What are they to modern thinking?
Why should you and I revere them?
Why one human hope lean on them?

"Granted, in their generation,
Ere came mind's emancipation
From such bigotries and errors,
They did serve some prudent purpose
In the social evolution.
That is past, the world advances.
Why sleep on and dream forever?
Comes there not a time for waking?

"And this fetish, Revelation,
That would lord it over Science,
Leading out while Learning follows,
Echoing its empty bleatings,
Bolstering its wild proclaimings!
What is it but man's opinion?—
Vain assumption, void assertion,
Declaration of some dotard,
Or some calculating dervish,
Droning prayers and howling curses,
Calling cowards to repentance
From their thoughts to his own thinking,
From their ways to paths he walks in
Or points out for their pursuing?

"Phantom, idol, arch-pretender,
Reverenced by dupes and victims,
Giving fatness for his feeding,
Bending to his base desiring,
Lest he seal them to damnation!

"Despot, arrogant, intolerant,
Foe to knowledge, persecutor
Of the scholars and the sages,
Who have fought for truth and reason
In the teeth of this fell tyrant!

"Gessler,[57] cap-a-pole, demanding
All shall bow, or straight be smitten!

Instantaneous surrender,
Or the dungeons of perdition!

"Know I one who'll not obey him,
Come what may as consequences!

"This the time-old tragic story
Of the holy priests and prophets,
Popes and presbyters and bishops,
'Whom you reverence profoundly'
Spite of all their indirections,
Crimes and follies without number:
Free opinion persecuting,
Sacred conscience crucifying,
All dissension burning, butchering,
In God's name their vile selves serving!

"Are you proud of their achievements?
Do you joy to scan such pages?

"I concede you some exceptions.
This man Jesus whom you mention,
If there ever came a prophet
Sent from God, give him the title.

"Noblest, best of beings human,
Friend unto 'the common people,'
Friend to all men, high and lowly;
With magnetic, meek persuasion
Drawing iron wills unto him;
Frowning upon Mammon worship,

Driving out the money changer,
Pride and folly execrating,
And with tongue of flame denouncing
Prince's, priest's, or proletarian's
Tyrannous misuse of power.

"Would there might be other advents
Of a Heart and Mind so needed!

"If once more He came to save us—
Not from death, the 'soul's' disaster,
But from life, our way of living;
From the social ills prevailing,
And the weightier woes impending;
From the temporal damnation
Gorgon-like[58] upon us staring;
From a class-and-mass collision
That may shiver all to atoms;
Would 'His own' e'en now receive Him?
Would e'en Christians make Christ welcome?

"Could there be a second Coming,
With no second Crucifixion?
I confess my doubts, misgivings.

"Count me yet His firm disciple;
I that worshipt him as Saviour
Still can honor him as Teacher,
Master—but no supermortal.

"Son of God by Virgin Mother?
King awaiting Coronation?
Pagan fancy! Christian fable!
Antiquated, senile prattle,
Only meet for ears of children!

"Walked He never on the water,
Roused no Lazarus from death's slumber,
Did no miracle, nor dying,
Brought dead worlds to life by shedding
Of his blood to ransom sinners.

"Passed He from this stage of striving
E'en as you and I must vanish;
Only times and methods vary—
Avenues whereby we exit.

"Prate no more of resurrection;
Body dies—there is no spirit.[59]
Look not for a future coming
Of your Lord, as King of Glory.
Science yet shall reign as sovereign,
Knowledge, learning, be exalted;
No usurping 'revelation,'
No beguiled, beguiling 'prophet',
No unrisen, dead 'Redeemer'!"

Came no answer to this tirade,
Save a look of speechless sorrow.

Horrified by her irreverence,
By her bitterness of spirit,
Her rejection of the prophets,
Her denial of the Saviour,
Heart-bowed, saddened, crushed and broken,
From her presence he departed.

VI

DESPAIR

PLAIN to him that all was over,
That no common ground upheld them,
That the gap between, once narrow,
Insomuch that love o'erlooked it,
Into an abyss had widened,
All his happy hopes engulfing.
And he wept above the ruin
Of a soul to him so precious.

She had parted with her birthright,
Knowledge older than the ages,
Legacy from ancient æons
To the present and the future.

Garnered wealth from worlds eternal,
Riches that corrupt not, rust not—
Wasteful of this spirit treasure,
Prodigal of truth, preferring
Empty husks and withered gleanings,
To the fulness of the vineyard
And the glory of the harvest;
Duped, ensnared, by power misleading,
Truth and error, sun and shadow,
Priesthood, priestcraft, all confounding;
Hoping all from wisdom's worldlings,
From the prudence that must perish
In the presence of the Mighty
And the Marvel and the Wonder;
Shunning light of Heavenly Guidance,
Following delusive blindness,
'Twas the arm of flesh she leaned on,
And the ancient curse had fallen.[60]

Had she erred beyond redemption?
Few there be that wander thus far.
One unpardonable sin God maketh;
Man would fain decree a hundred.
Heaven be praised, harsh human judgment
Sitteth not upon the White Throne!
God be thanked, no other Gospel
Is or can be than the Saviour's!

Height nor depth nor past nor future
Severs us from Christ's affection.

He who hateth sin, not sinner,
Made repentance mean forgiveness;
And when He forgives 'tis ended,
Blotted from the book Remembrance.

She had hoped all from man's wisdom,
And the false hope had betrayed her,
Led her into mental chaos,
Cast her into spirit midnight.

Swift the fatal downward plunging:
Doubt—then darkness—then defiance!
All her soul was in rebellion
'Gainst the God who gave her being,
'Gainst the faith her fathers cherished,
'Gainst the Light that yet would save her!

Mourned he o'er the demolition
Of a palace hope had builded
In the Kingdom of the Future;
O'er the wreck, the dissolution
Of a joy once deemed eternal.

Falsified his fond conviction—
Faith and Unbelief, how mate them?
Heaven had lied, or Hell had triumphed.
How could Truth henceforth be trusted?

Calvary! his crucifixion!
Dashed to death the dream he cherished.

Grim despair his doom had spoken,
And the leaden revelation
Outweighed happiness and hoping.

In that moment of dejection,
When at ebb his powers resistant,
Came the Serpent, wily tempter,
Whispering in his ear this treason:
"Wilt thou longer serve such Master?"

Then the brave and true responded:
"I will serve Him though he slay me,
And henceforth for Him I battle."

Sought he nevermore the Maiden,
For her heart and hand a suitor.
She it was who broke the silence
Ere her presence he invaded.

Meanwhile, what for him but absence?
And—if it could be—oblivion?

O'er the wide Land rang resounding,
In far-flung reverberations,
War's loud call, the brave enlisting
In their country's cause and freedom's.
Stern Atlantic, roused Pacific,

Angry Lake, indignant Gulf-shore,
Heard the clear recruiting trumpet,
Pleading for a Nation's honor
And a down-trod Isle's redemption.[61]

Heard the call for that enlistment,
Pioneering's stalwart children,
Wilderness-redeeming heroes,
Veterans of a valiant struggle
With the blind old Titan, Nature;
Battling for the desert's blooming,
Warring for a waste's deliverance
From the dry and barren sceptre
Of a worn-out dead dominion;
Heard the call for that enlistment,
Rose responsive and came rallying.

Strife and bloodshed deprecating,
E'en for sunken "Maine's" avenging;
Arbitration advocating
For the peaceful, sane solution
Of all vexing public problems;
None more stalwart, more determined
For a trampled realm's uplifting,
Than the sons of Vale and Mountain,
Basin land of lake and river,
Residue from ocean's wandering,[62]
Desert-bounded, rock-rimmed Eden,
Rich in valor as in virtue—
These, with liberty, her birthright.

Poured from out that bowl-like region,
Loyal to the Land's uprising,
Loyal to the flag of Freedom,
To her cause and controversy,
Floods of patriotic fervor,
Lava-streams of retribution,
Burning to wipe out the insult
To the sovereign symbol offered,
Of a justice-loving Nation,
Rock and shield of sacred conscience,
Foe to wrong and foul oppression.

On to Occident and Orient!
On to treacherous Cuban waters!
To the Santiago coast-line,
And Luzon's beleaguered island,
Where Manila's fiery laurel[63]
Made the Dewey name immortal!

Toward the Western war front speeding,
With the vanguard of invasion,
Sailed with me my poet comrade,
In his veins the tide of valor
Rolling as when patriot forbears
Braved at Bunker Hill the British,
Checked their haughty course at Concord,
Smote the Hessian line at Trenton,
Saw the peace-sun war clouds chasing
O'er shot-torn and humbled Yorktown.

Out beyond the Golden Portal,[64]
Daylight exit, door of Sunset,
From a glorious stage of empire,
Mightier to be than hath been,
Where the players shall be Titans,
And the play the Dream of Ages;[65]
Out upon the surging ocean,
Fared the sons of Vale and Mountain,
Fared the lethe-seeking Lover,[66]
Armed for duty's lofty errand,
Panoplied for martial daring,
Reckless of resultant danger.

As fond shadow, substance chasing,
Thoughts of her stole ever on him.
Memories he fain would banish,
Sad though sweet, his spirit haunted.
Sleeping, waking, they were with him—
Seen her face and form in all things.

Flew like birds the frequent missives
From his pen to cheer her pathway;
But from Maiden unto Lover,
In those far-off alien Islands,
Not one line o'erleapt the water.

There could come but one conclusion
From her strange, persistent silence,

And it forced the sad conviction—
E'en his friendship was distasteful,
Equally with love unwelcome.

Thus it fell "good bye" was spoken
O'er the solemn, sobbing ocean.

Then be it so. Good night! good-bye!
I'll trouble thee no more.
For thou hast turned me from thy heart,
A vagrant from the door.

A beggar vainly asking leave
His wealth of love to prove;
A beggar in his poverty,
So poor without thy love.

What have I done such doom to win?
Justice! thou art abused—
Red-handed guilt hath right to know
Whereof it stands accused.

What have I failed to do that love
Could possibly have done,
Hampered as mine has been by fate,
A cold and cruel one?

I've poured my love, my life, my all,
Like water at thy feet,

And bade thee drain it every drop;
My offering is complete.

Good night! and oh!—a long good bye,
Thou darling of my heart!
God knows it pains me past belief
To feel that we must part.

He asks, I make, the sacrifice,
And bow to Heaven's high will.
But I can never give thee up;
I love thee—love thee still.

And in God's great Eternity,
If not in time before,
When restitution's reign hath come,
And chaos rules no more,

I'll search till I have found my own;
For there shall be "no sea"
To separate the married lands
Or sunder you and me.

Such the song his heart was sending
From the deeps of its despairing,
While he warred 'gainst deathless memory,
Strove to banish recollection,
Strove in vain to quench the spirit
Of a love that spurned oblivion.

VII

ILLUMINATION

MEANWHILE, in the distant City,
Meretricious, tinseled Babel,
Mammon's glittering bargain counter,
Where were bought and sold men's honor,
Women's modesty and virtue —
Bought and sold in mart and mansion,
Bought and sold in den and brothel;
Siren city, beauteous, brazen,
Vortex, whirlpool, brain-bewildering,
Knave and fool alike engulfing;
In that gaudy gilded setting,
Unbedimmed by tawdry splendor,
Sparkled still the priceless jewel
Of an unstained, matchless Maiden.

Loyal to herself, though wandering
Far afield from Shepherd folding;
Loyal still to virtue's ideals,
Unbeguiled by false fair-showing,
Hiding woe and wicked living
As the rushing river hideth
Quicksand and the sewer's giving.

Bent to make of her the ladder
For their sordid social climbing,
Strove in vain ambitious kindred
To wed mind to brainless folly,
Honesty to insincereness,
Wealth of soul to moral squalor,
Poor as poverty through sinning,
Though deemed rich by worldly reckoning.

She would none of it; and ofttimes,
In the midst of blare and blazon,
Would she sigh for simple comforts
Of her village home, environed
By the meadows and the mountains,
Where she first drew air, a mortal.

There the men were manly, stalwart
As the giant peaks uptowering;
And the women pure, unsullied
As the dew-drops on the clover;
And the tuneful larks and robins,
Improvising in the tree tops,

Trilled their flute-like obligatos,
Poured their liquid orchestration
In the ravished ear of Nature.

There the human song was soulful,
Vocal of the heart's true feeling,
Rather than the calisthenic
Coldness come of over-training—
Technique's strenuous throat-striving
To outdin an envied rival,
Swollen flood of affectation
Drowning all interpretation.

In the sad and silent watches
Of the night that bent above her,
Sentry thoughts of soldier lover
Hovered dreamlike round her pillow.

And, betimes, his worth contrasting
With the worthlessness around her,
Paid she tribute admiration
To his deathless, true devotion,
Shown by long and patient pleading
While in person he was near her,
Shown by letters fond or friendly,
As in him hope bloomed or faded,
Rose or fell like winds and waters.

Her distaste for empty pleasure,
Her disgust at vice and folly,

And perchance some reawakening
Of the Christ-love in her spirit—
Glinting of a gleam prospective
On the ice-floe, sunward sailing—
Bore as fruit her home-returning
To the scenes that knew and loved her
Ere she turned from cottage comfort
Unto luxury palatial.

Prayers for this had been ascending
To the true God; and He hearkened.

But the Tempter, came he also
Ere her purpose bore fruition:

"Would you sunder ties of friendship,
And forego such rare advantage?
Turn from culture and refinement
Back to former crude conditions?
Here is life, the world in action,
Pleasure, progress, civilization;
There, but dormant, dull stagnation
And privation's painful toiling.
Which of these demands your preference?
Can you halt between opinions?"

Then once more that smile derisive,
Most befitting now and timely,
As with scorn she met the scorner:

"I have seen enough of 'friendship,'
Based on such considerations
As are paramountly precious
'Mid these scenes of selfish striving.
How much friendship worth the naming
Would we find here—we from Westland,
Were our pockets and our purses
Empty as our useless lives are
In this hippodrome of folly?

" 'Progress!' Is there nothing better
By that name than money-chasing,
And the mad pursuit of pleasure?
All for what, your idle sporting,
Reckless speeding, drinking, gaming,
Bubble-blowing, penny-tossing?
Out upon such hollow trifling!
Wicked waste of time and treasure!
I am surfeited and sickened.

" 'Life', forsooth!. 'Tis dissipation,
Luring down to swift destruction.
'Tis a Moloch civilization,[67]
Youth and beauty immolating;
Auction block of sordid slavery,
Where you sell your sons and daughters,
Bind them to the highest bidder,
And misname the barter 'marriage.'

"What inducement here to tarry—
Here where palaces and hovels
Multiply, and type conditions?
Misery toiling, crowned with briars,
That rich greed may grapple millions,
Fortune upon fortune piling,
Scheme on scheme for further profit!

"Business, 'big' with self importance,
Haughty, heartless, triple-salaried,
Pampered by appreciation;
Literature and pedagogy,
With all arts unloved by Mammon,
Grudged and scanty wage receiving,
Gaunt starvation's meager stipend!

"Highest gifts the lowest listed,
Rated at mere market value;
The material exalted
Past the mental and the moral—
And you call this 'progress', 'culture'!

"And the underpaid employee
Of the overpaid employer,
What for him or her the outcome?
Look where desperation drives them
By the hecatomb to ruin!

" 'Twas not so where I was nurtured.
There all life had joy of living

And of letting live, and helping;
Peace and comfort calm sufficings
Of a people making heaven
Of an earth by righteous promise
And by faithful pure performing.

"Wealth won fairly, wealth used wisely,
Like all power is fraught with blessing—
Blessing for the rich provider,
Friend unto the working classes;
Blessing for the sons of labor,
Grateful to their benefactor;
They unto his interest loyal,
He of all their rights regardful.

"Wealth so wielded, who can censure?
Praise unstinted be its portion;
That it hath a mission noble,
None save shallow minds will question.

"But what meaner, baser passion
Than idolatry of riches,
And the worship of the carnal?
Man, the monarch of creation,
Groveling at creation's dust-heap!
Fettered slave unto the senses,
Prostrate at the feet of Mammon!

"Fraud's monopoly of plenty,
Heaven-designed for wide diffusion,
That all men might be partakers

Of the great Creator's bounty;
This it is that stirs resentment,
Breeds dissension fierce and bitter,
Gives the demagogue his power
To mislead the toiling masses.

"Here, where selfish, sordid scheming,
Like some pirate craft of ocean,
Sails the sea of speculation,
Hunting down defenseless victims!
Here, where gambling finds its glory
'Mid the loud unseemly scramble
Of 'the pit'[68]—oh proper typing!
Where, in wild unequal struggle,
Men in manner like to demons,
With their mad gesticulations
And their frantic cries and shriekings,
Symbolize the Pandemonium[69]
Told of in Miltonic story!
Here, where shrewdness tricks its fellows,
Sows and reaps unfair advantage,
Strength imposing upon weakness,
Vultures upon lambkins preying—
What you deem success is failure,
What you count for profit, loss is,
And your Juggernaut[70] of 'Progress'
Toward a precipice is plunging.

"Anarchy, that worst of tyrants,
Havoc-dealing fiend infernal,

Child and parent of oppression,
Springeth up from such conditions.

"Do I countenance disorder?
Nay, I but condemn injustice.
Would I turn from true refinement,
From real culture? Never, never;
But from vanity, delusion,
Hypocritical pretension,
Mirage of unreal existence,
Marsh lights, luring to destruction.
Mockeries!—these I fain would flee from,
Since I want the strength to fight them.

"Give me back the old conditions,
Crude, perchance, yet sound, enduring,
And susceptible of polish
Genuine and far exceeding
All this baneful glare and glitter!
Give me back my native mountains,
Give me back my birthplace, people,
And a peace, a calm contentment
Such as I have ne'er known elsewhere!

"Eastland! Mother of the Sages!
Be thy brightest now my model.[71]
'Good-bye', world—'proud world', I'm going
Home to friendship and to Westland!"

Home at last, 'mid scenes she loved best,
Grew her heart more kind, more gentle;
Standing where she first beheld him,
Now he came not, how she missed him!
"Click!"—Was Cupid's lock a-turning?
Love hath sprung from lesser causes.

"I will write him!" Resolution
Scarce had budded to full blossom,
When a strange and sudden illness
Struck her down, and she lay prostrate
Many weeks in pain's dominion,
Many months a wraith, a shadow,
Hovering on the brink immortal,
Poising for the flight eternal.

While the veil was thin between her
And the Homeland of the Spirit,
Came a vision or a dreaming,
Reaching for her soul's conversion.

In Gethsemane[72] she lingered,
Witness of sublimest Sorrow,
As He there besought the Father—
Whose far gaze to end of all things,
From beginnings all, extendeth—
That the cruel cup might pass Him,
Could it pass and death be lifted
Elsewise unto life eternal.

Thrice the vision came before her,
Thrice the Grief within the Garden,
The uncrucified Redeemer's
Agonized anticipation
Of the Cross, with cruel insults,
Scourgings and humiliations,
Thorns upon the path to Calvary.

Ay, and more, far more, deep hidden
From the deepest ken of mortals—
Martyrdom's profoundest mystery,
Mystery worthy of the Martyr:
God, Jehovah, Earth's Creator,
Heaven's high Architect and Builder,
Bending 'neath the awful burden
Of a lost world's condemnation!
His great pang all pains including,[73]
His vast grief all anguish 'gulfing,
Sorrows of all men, all women,
Rills and rivers to His ocean!

Sea of infinite atonement,
And redemption universal,
Unclean waters purifying,
Living waters all o'er-showering!

Giving life to death, transfusing
His own blood, lest all things perish,
Perish evermore, far banished,

In the flesh and in the spirit,
From the presence of their Maker!

This and more beheld the Maiden,
On Divinity now gazing,
Whose divineness she had questioned.

"Not my will but thine, O Father!"
Prayed the Son. 'Twas then she saw Him.

As when Alma's pride[74] was humbled
By the Angel of the Highest,
As when Thomas[75] saw the risen,
Heard the glorified Redeemer—
"Oh my God! my King! my Saviour!"
And a flood of prayerful feeling
From a contrite heart and broken,
Bore upon its heaving bosom
Unto Him her full devotion.

Till her tears with His were mingled,
In a deep, divine compassion,
To her consciousness a stranger
Since that earth-forgotten æon
When, with loyal hosts triumphant
O'er embattled, haughty Treason,
She had grieved e'en while she gladdened,
And had wept o'er spirits fallen.

Ne'er had soared imagination
To a dream of aught so tender

As the reverence now awakened
From a long death-seeming slumber.

Hers likewise the rich renewal
Of a gift in childhood given—
Gift from God, heights, depths, revealing.

Mystery unmasked before her,
All her soul's desire unveiling,
And she viewed with cloudless vision
What her spirit eyes, long blinded
By the mists that shroud the mortal,
Had not seen till that clear moment.

What to her the flickering candle
Of a dim-eyed human learning?
What to her the lamp of science,
Though it blaze with demonstration,
Proving past all controversy
To the plodding human reason,
Truth of poet-inspiration,
Truth of prophet-revelation,
Truth of truth, where'er 'twas spoken?

Gazed she on the Sun of Science,
On the Daylight of All-Knowledge;
Saw Truth's face, quaffed Wisdom's fountain,
Quenching spirit thirst forever.

Gazed she on the Universal,
Saw Intelligence, God's glory,

Mind and matter, self existent
Soul materials, molding, forming,
Systems, suns and stars ordaining,
Planets peopling and redeeming,
All outleading, all uplifting,
Organizing and directing,
Guiding energy eternal.

Saw the Sovereign Everlasting,
Bent to share his shining sceptre,
Empire of the worlds unworldly;
Allwise Parent and Preceptor
Sending forth his spirit children,
Sight-trained in the schools primeval,
Here faith's mightier test[76] confronting;
Donning nature's garb and gowning
For the treasures of earth knowledge
And the touch of mortal training.
Hence to rise by graduation
From the classroom intermedial
To the College of the Spirit
And the Temple of All-Wisdom.

Saw pure Aspiration seeking
Heavenly light through human darkness,
Gain of power by world experience,
Wisdom's apple, sweet and bitter.

Saw the truest and the worthiest—
Winnowed grain, the wind-blown refuse

Lost in Lucifer's down-whirling—
Spirits loyal, Michael's legion,
Changed to souls by Eden's action,
Down to lowly deeps descending,
Downward, forward, onward falling;[77]
Prelude to progression's marching,
Prologue of redemption's drama.

Then life's pledge released from pawning,
Ransomed by the Christ of Calvary,
Shepherd of the sheep Him following
From the glooms of sin and sorrow
To the Light and Life Eternal!

Earth beheld—prophetic vision—
Earth redeemed from dole and darkness,
Every thorn and briar blossoming,
Glorified, a heaven becoming,[78]
Home of man and goal of gladness
Unto myriads coming after.

Man, God's symbol and foreshadowing,
Image, likeness, male and female,
Heir unto the Power Creative,
To that Perfect Stature[79] climbing.
Dowered with divine outreaching,
Halting not from holiest, loftiest
Aspiration and achievement.

Heard a Voice from Heaven, proclaiming:
"What is this? Hold up the mirror!

Is it not thyself, Creation?
Is it not ALL—Education?"

"Take me with you!" Supplication
Made she of the World-Redeemer,
In humility low kneeling
At the feet once pierced and bleeding.

"Take me with you, Lord and Saviour!
All my pride and weakness pardon;
Let me in Thy service linger,
Though in lowliest place and station,
Going wheresoe'er Thou goest,
Biding wheresoe'er Thou bidest.
Thy dear presence be my portion,
And Thy will my will forever!
God! forgive me, lift me, save me!"

Then the Master mild and gentle,
To this one of many teachers
Having need of wiser training
Than the wisest world instruction;
Thus the Gracious, the Forgiving,
To a penitent, returning:

"Thou shalt be with Me, my daughter!
Evermore with Me, my sister!
Glorious in our Father's Kingdom,
Reigning 'mid the heirs celestial,

Righteous souls who all inherit
Through the fulness of obedience
To the highest Throne in Heaven.

"Yet alone thou canst not enter
To that sacred Sovereign Presence;
Gods and angels guard the gateway,[80]
Turning back all imperfection.
With thy mate, thou mayest pass them;
But without him, never—never!"

War was done, and Peace sat brooding
O'er a realm redeemed from darkness,
Darkness of oppression's sceptre,
Shadow of ingrate rebellion,[81]
When my comrade, homeward sailing,
Scarred with battle's badge of honor—
Wounds that won him swift promotion—
On his native shore descended.

Mustered out by Honor's edict
From the roll-call of her legions;
Shielded from the torrid sun-ray
By the Land's triumphal archings,
Sped we on from coast to mountain,
Hearing far the loud acclaimings,
Trumpet ringings, cannon roarings,
From our country's bosom rising:

Crown the conquerors homeward coming,
Glorious from freedom's fight,
Vanquishers of vile oppression,
Champions of a Nation's right!

Guardians of a great State's honor,
Long by slanderous tongues assailed.
Dare they brand her as disloyal
Whose brave sons have thus prevailed?

Hear their dreadful batteries roaring,
Hear their shouts above the storm,
Where in vain the flying foeman
Seeks his shattered ranks to form!

Shouts that quell the shrieking tempest,
Drown the thunder of the sea.
None but staunch and stalwart freemen
Launch such blows for liberty.

Backward hurled the hostile legions,
Battered down their bristling towers,
Routed fierce rebellion's rabble,
Freed the land from tyrant powers.

Welcome, warriors homeward wending!
Welcome from the fiery fray,
Speed ye o'er the trackless ocean,
Speed ye on the iron way.

Welcome, all who fought for Freedom,
Fought or followed where she led!
Homeland honors all her heroes,
Heroes living, heroes dead.

Greet them with the song of gladness,
Crown them with immortal bays,
With a Nation's benediction,
And a grateful people's praise!

But what victory can brighten
Or what laurel wreath can lighten
Leaden-hearted Melancholy,
Loving on, though love be hopeless?

Rumors of her death had reached him,
And the world for him was empty.
In despair and desolation,
Where the gravelike gloom hung deepest,
Hope and Love alike seemed buried—
Memory the one sad mourner.

But a cry went forth at midnight:
"He is risen! He is risen!
E'en the Lord of love and pity,
Conqueror of death and darkness.
Glorious on the heights of Heaven,

Throned amid eternal burnings,
Dead and living, own your Saviour,
And because He lives, live also!"

Such the cry that cleft the midnight,
Till it melted into morning,
Till the lily wreath grew radiant
On the brow of Easter Dawning.[82]

And the God of grace and glory,
He who died and rose for mortals,
Heard the plaintive prayer and pleading,
Heard the piteous importuning
Of a soul to Him appealing
For the boon of life's renewal,
And for love, life's crowning solace.

And the Angel of the Presence
Rolled away the rocky barrier,
Banished far the fearful shadow,
Brought to life the power of loving
In a dead heart, newly risen.

And the Sun of Love, upsoaring
High above the brightening hill-tops,
Touched to gold the pearly dawning,
Tinged with rosy warmth the glacier,
Bade it flow in ceaseless bounty,
Crowned with joy the tearful summits,

Lit the gloomy gulf of sorrow,
Made the mountains shout for gladness,
And the valleys ring with rapture.

Resurrection, restoration,
Turned Gethsemane to Glory;
And the happy Earth seemed Heaven
When at last the truth was told him,
When he knew she lived and loved him,
When, a gift from God, he claimed her
That great day the world was gladdened
By a Light that shineth alway.

Summoned to her dying presence—
Dying? Nay, for death was driven;
Kith and kindred late relenting,
To their union now consenting,
Willing there should come that welding
'Neath the sacred seal and promise,[83]
Gathered he unto his bosom
Her loved form, all worn and wasted,
Heard her lips make full confession
Of the faith he long had cherished,
Heard her say, "I love you—love you,"
As she gave the pledge eternal,
Sealed her vow with kisses tender,
Earnest of undying rapture
In a land unknown to sorrow,
Where no fate can ever part them.

Light and Love gave life new living,
Health and happiness restoring.

Halcyon days sped on thereafter,
Days of bliss and years of blessing,
Sweeter for the tasted bitter,
Crowning sacrifice and sorrow.

Then—a voluntary parting,
Sad though willing separation,
At the high behest of Duty,
From her watchtower worldward calling.

Ocean billows rolled between them;
But their hearts had no dividing,
And their love-moon knew no waning.

Letters—faded, tear-stained letters,
Ashes of fond recollection!
Reverently I stir the embers
Of a fire within you smoldering,
Till the glow becomes a glory,
And the dead past leaps relumined:

"Where are you tonight, my Lover?
Tear-wet is my lonely pillow.

Yet I could not wish you nearer,
Duty's post, God's work abandoned,
Husband of my heart, my hero
In the forefront of the battle
Between hosts of light and darkness,
Between truth and error waging!
Champion of faith's cause and freedom's!
Trusted servant of the Sovereign!

"Seems it strange from me, such diction?
I who scoffed at things held sacred,
I who doubted the Divine One,
And denied His mediation—
Is it I who now extol Him?

"How my wisdom turned to folly,
When His light revealed my darkness!
Oh, the change, the transformation!
Will it ever grow familiar?
Shall I wake and find it dreaming?
Rather let me dream forever.

"Why so slow was I to hearken
To the clear call of the Shepherd?
When I doubted His divineness,
Did I in my heart renounce Him?
Tell me—tell me, if thou knowest;
For this haunting fear still saddens.

"No less strange my laggard turning
Unto love and thee, my dear one.

How could I be blind to either?—
Blind to love, the life of living;
Blind to thee, the brightest planet
In the heaven of my existence?

"Ask me no more, am I yours, Dear.
Every fiber, every breathing
Of my being your possession.
Love you? Ay, with all the sweetness
Those sweet words like bees have garnered
Since Eve's use of them made Eden."

Crossing sea and climbing mountain,
Came reply to one in Westland,
Her grave questions echoing, answering:

" 'Why so slow' were you 'to hearken'
To the summons of the Shepherd?

"The deep wherefore, who can fathom,
Of wise Mystery's withholding?
We but guess when God is silent;
Yet it follows not our guessing
Into error strays at all times.
Thought, inspired, is revelation,
Though no syllable be spoken.

" 'Better late than never', always;
But that tells not half the story.

Better late than early ofttimes
Shines the light of good example.

"Why postponed was Saul's conversion[84]—
Saul, the sometime persecutor
Of the Saints, those hated 'Christians'?
Why so tardy his acceptance
Of Messiah and the Gospel?

"Was it not for some sage reason—
Not in him, but in the Prompter
Of the great play there presented?
He but loitered unobedient
Till his hour had struck for action,
When, the cue for entrance given,
Forth he strode in might of purpose
And in marvel of achievement.

"Had he entered prematurely
On the scene of his vast triumph,
Marred had been the wondrous drama,
Or the role by him enacted.
Seemed it late,[85] but spite of seeming,
It was neither late nor early.

"His revolt 'gainst Light down-stricken
By a blinding bolt from Heaven—
Blinding, yet illuminating—
Mark the zeal forever burning
In the breast of this evangel,

This untiring truth-proclaimer,
Not one whit behind[86] the chiefest
Of his apostolic fellows!

"Why, amid the busiest reapings
Of the ripe Meridian harvest
Were his sheaves the most abundant?[87]

"Was it not, in part, that Memory,
Mindful of past misdemeanors,
Swung the lash that drove him onward?
All the mightier strove this champion,
Pricked by thorny recollection,
Spurred on by the goad of conscience,
Eager to make reparation
For the evil done aforetime.

"And the marvel of his turning
To the Truth he once had trampled,
Made his act the more appealing,
His recoil the more convincing,
And the trenchant testimony
Of his pen and tongue more searching.

"Note the patience all enduring,
And the charity unfailing,
Of this living-dying martyr!
Faith, Hope, Love[88]—by Him exalted—
Were not these the rarest jewels
In the crown[89] his brow awaiting—

Jewels brighter for their grinding
On the stones of hard experience?

"Paul paid every debt to justice,
When discounted 'twas by mercy,
In the coin of tribulation
And persistent high endeavor.
Hence, in death discerned no terror,[90]
Fearing not the final outcome.
Martyrdom meant liquidation—
'Twas the debtor's final payment.

"Haply, too, some earlier merit—
Deed of valor's ancient doing—
Some achievement in the spirit—
Plead for him at that tribunal
Where, in book of righteous reckoning,
Debits, credits, all are counted,
Claims unknown to man included,
That the balance may be perfect.

"God, not man, must speak 'the last word.'
He who kens the secret causes,
Hidden springs of human action—
His alone to sit in judgment
On the conduct of His creatures.

"But the least may launch opinion
On the ocean of conjecture,

And I send you, for your solace,
For your comfort, my conviction:

"Ne'er did you deny the Saviour;
None deny Him till they know Him.
Ponder this, and grieve no longer.

"Peter's thrice repudiation,
Was it such in truth or seeming?
Did this man renounce the Master,
In disclaiming knowledge[91] of him?

"Penitent and all-forgiven,
He, the erstwhile timid trembler
Went to death for Him head downward,[92]
Craving that humiliation,
Begging it, a boon, a favor.

"Such the change, from dwarf to giant,
When the strength from Christ came on him,
And a perfect testimony
Of the Saviourship was given.

"Called and chosen Chief Apostle,
Kept he then the key to Heaven:
Could this be, had his denial
Ranked with real renunciation?

"Not alone stand Paul and Peter;
Others the same path have trodden.

All is well with them forever.
Then why not with thee, my Loved One?"

Came anon his home-returning,
And once more a fond reunion.

But recall from foreign service
Meant, of service, no cessation.
Loyalty and zeal continued,
And with faithfulness unflagging
Side by side they strewed and gathered
Through their mortal years remaining.

Till the final call, "Come higher";
When her soul—then his—responded.

They are gone—and I yet linger,
Linger still to tell the story
Of the Maiden and the Lover;
Linger here the hopeful guardian
Of a trust, a human treasure,
By his care to mine committed—
Daughter, image of the mother,
Who, as forth she came, departed;
Each the other's void thus filling,
One on Earth and one in Heaven.

Gracious Master of the Vineyard,[93]
Where the spirits of all living,
From thy Paradise transplanted,
Nurtured are, till wisdom springeth
As a bud from joy and sorrow!
For the sake of Him who saved us,
Help me rear this tender flower!

Shield, O Lord, this little Maiden
From all error and all evil!
Charge thine angels with her welfare,
That they hold her in their keeping,
Watchful vigilance maintaining,
Till in goodness as in beauty
She shall blossom to perfection,
Likeness of her sainted mother,
Type of her heroic father,
Seeing in the Christ her Saviour,
Honoring His seers and prophets,
Ever in His Love abiding,
Never from His Light departing.

NOTES

1. **Hypatia** (page 4). The beautiful and scholarly heroine of Kingsley's historical novel of that name. Hypatia figured at Alexandria early in the fifth century, teaching a school of philosophy (Neo-Platonic) and endeavoring to restore Paganism. She fell a victim to mob violence at the hands of the Christians, A. D. 415.

2. **Pilgrims** (p. 5) The Pilgrim Fathers, who fled for religious freedom from England to Holland, and finally sailed for America on "The Mayflower", landing at Plymouth Rock, Massachusetts, in December, 1620.

3. **Westland** (p. 5). The region lying west of the Rocky Mountains.

4. **Mater Harvard** (p. 5). Harvard College, University of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

5. **Aristotle** (p. 6). Greek philosopher, pupil of Plato and teacher to Alexander the Great.

6. **Gamaliel** (p. 6). Preceptor of Saul of Tarsus, who became Paul the Apostle.

7. **Stern Heights** (p. 6). The Rocky Mountains.

8. **Placid Ocean** (p. 6). The Pacific.

9. **Hellenic** (p. 7). Grecian, from Hellas, the ancient name of Greece.

10. **Parian Marble** (p. 7). A superior quality of marble, found on the island of Paros, in the Grecian archipelago.

11. **Juno** (p. 7). In classic mythology, the wife of Jupiter, king of Heaven.

12. **David, Jonathan** (p. 10). The pure, unselfish friendship existing between these Israelitish heroes is one of the most beautiful episodes in Bible history (I Samuel 18-20, and II Samuel 1).

13. **Eastland** (p. 14). Eastern States, or the region eastward from the Rocky Mountains.

14. **Veiled Prophet of Khorassan** (p. 14). Al Mokanna, an imposter of the eighth century, in Khorasan, a Persian province. Moore's poem "Lallah Rookh" represents him as wearing a veil to conceal a hideous facial deformity.

15. **Queen of Sheba** (p. 14). An account of the visit of Sheba's Queen to King Solomon is contained in the Tenth Chapter of First Kings and in the Ninth of Second Chronicles.

16. **With Blindness** (p. 15). The allusion is to Saul of Tarsus, temporarily stricken blind while persecuting the Christians, to whose faith he became a convert.

17. **Arab Virtue** (p. 15). Even the Bedouin robbers (Arabs, many of them descended from Ishmael, son of

Abraham) hospitably entertain in their tents, those whom they would rob and even kill out on the desert.

18. **Monocle** (p. 16). An eye-glass for one eye, the use of which by some people seems more for show than utility.

19. **Baal and Dagon** (p. 19). Baal, the sun-god, was a deity of the Moabites and Midianites. Dagon, half man and half fish, was an idol of the Philistines. Both are repeatedly mentioned in the Old Testament.

20. **Alma Mater** (p. 21). A Latin term meaning "fostering mother", applied to the college or other institution of learning where one has received his education.

21. **Promethean** (p. 23). From Prometheus, a fabled demigod who was credited with bringing fire from Heaven for the benefit of man.

22. **Helen's High Crest** (p. 26). Helen and Shasta are mountains on the Pacific Coast.

23. **A Reverent Irreverence** (p. 31). Certain "Christians" deny Christ's divinity, deeming him only a good and wise teacher.

24. **The Modern Prophet** (p. 32), Joseph Smith, founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

25. **Eros** (p. 33). In Greek mythology, the god of love, corresponding to the Roman Amor or Cupid.

26. **Titans** (p. 34). The Titans, twelve in number, were mythological giants, incarnations of natural forces. By extension, a Titan is one possessing gigantic strength.

27. **Mountain Spine** (p. 36). The Rocky Mountain Divide, or "backbone of the continent."

28. **Hebe** (p. 36). Hebe, cup-bearer of Zeus (Jupiter) on Mount Olympus, until succeeded by Ganymede (Ganymedes).

29. **Ancient Forest** (p. 37). The Petrified Forest of Arizona, here contrasted with the wood described by Dante in the opening lines of "The Divine Comedy".

30. **A Great Gulf Opened** (p. 38). At this point begins a description of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in Arizona; a natural object woven, like the Petrified Forest, into the symbolism of the poem.

31. **Saturn-Mouth** (p. 38). Saturn was a Roman god, corresponding to, or confounded with, the Greek Kronos, who devoured his own offspring.

32. **Deeps of Sheol** (p. 38). Sheol is Hebrew, Perdition English, and Hades Greek, for Hell.

33. **That Joseph** (p. 41). The group of lines in which this phrase occurs epitomizes the career of Joseph in Egypt (Genesis 37-50).

34. **Mekka** (p. 42). A sacred city of the Mohammedans, birthplace of their prophet, Mahomet, and a goal for pious pilgrimages.

35. **Colossus** (p. 45). A gigantic statue of Apollo, set up on the shore of the harbor at Rhodes (280 B. C.), and

subsequently reputed as bestriding the entrance to the harbor.

36. **Babel's Millions** (p. 46). Babel, signifying confusion of tongues (Gen. 11:1-9), has become a synonym for any great modern city having a population of various nationalities.

37. **Mammon's Chariot** (p. 47). Mammon, the Syrian god of riches and worldliness.

38. **Marengo** (p. 52). A battle-ground in Italy, where Napoleon, after crossing the Alps, defeated the Austrians under General Melas, June 14, 1800, "There shall be no Alps", exclaimed the indomitable Corsican, when those mountains, snow-covered and all but impassable, were mentioned as an obstacle to his march. At Marengo the Austrians were at first sucessful, but the arrival of Desaix, one of Napoleon's generals, with reinforcements, turned the tide in favor of the French.

39. **Servant Lot** (p. 55). According to Joseph Smith, the saved but unwedded will be servants or ministering angels to those united in eternal wedlock and inheriting celestial glory (Doctrine and Covenants 132:16-19).

40. **Upas Vapor** (p. 60). The Upas tree, originally from Java, was once supposed to be poisonous, its exhalations fatal to both animal and vegetable life. But this supposition is now known to be false, specimens of the tree having been cultivated in British hot-houses and botanic gardens, with no ill-effects. The "Upas tree" phrase has often been used as a figure to denote something morally pernicious.

41. **A Principle of Power** (p. 61). See Lectures on Faith, Doctrine and Covenants, and the Eleventh Chapter of Hebrews.

42. **Apollo and Minerva** (p. 62). Apollo, god of music, song and prophecy; and Minerva, goddess of wisdom, were among the most eminent and most amiable of Greek and Roman deities. Olympus, where they were supposed to dwell, is a mountain range in Thessaly.

43. **Every Blessing** (p. 64). "When we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated" (D. & C. 130:21).

44. **Trusted Servants** (p. 68). "Surely the Lord God will do nothing but He revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets" (Amos 3:7).

45. **Palos** (p. 70). The Spanish port from which Columbus, in August, 1492, sailed upon his great voyage of discovery. His fleet consisted of three small vessels called caravels.

46. **Euripides** (p. 71). A Greek tragic poet (480-406 B. C.)

47. **Phidias, Raphael, Angelo** (p. 71). Phidias, a Greek architect and sculptor; Raphael and Michael Angelo, Italian painters; the latter also an architect.

48. **Gutenberg's Invention** (p. 71). The art of printing

with movable types, adopted by Gutenberg, a German printer, in the fifteenth century.

49. **Galileo's Lenses** (p. 71). The astronomical telescope, invented by Galileo the Italian.

50. **Weird Achievements** (p. 71). Inventions of Thomas A. Edison, Samuel F. B. Morse and Guglielmo Marconi; the first two in electricity, the last in wireless telegraphy.

51. **Darwin** (p. 72). Charles Robert Darwin, author of the theory of Organic Evolution by Natural Selection, commonly called "The Darwinian Theory."

52. **Plato's Scale** (p. 73). "All things are in a scale; and, begin where we will, ascend and ascend. All things are symbolical; and what we call results are beginnings." —Plato, quoted by Emerson, "Representative Men", p. 71.

53. **Proclaims the Maker** (p. 73). "All things have their likeness * * * and are created and made to bear record of me" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 6:63).

54. **Desdemona** (p. 73). The heroine of Shakespeare's tragedy, "Othello".

55. **Socrates, Confucius, Zoroaster, Gautama** (p. 74). Greek, Chinese, Persian and Hindu sages, respectively.

56. **Isis, Venus, Vishnu, Astarte** (p. 78). National deities—Isis of the Egyptians, Venus of the Greeks and Romans, Vishnu of the Hindus, and Astarte of the Syro-Phenicians.

57. **Gessler** (p. 79). The legendary lore of Switzerland, while that country was under the Austrian yoke, relates how the governor, Herman Gessler, had his cap placed on a pole in the market place and commanded every passer-by to salute it. William Tell refused, and as a punishment was ordered to shoot an apple off his son's head. He succeeded, thanks to his skill in archery, but afterwards killed the tyrant who had subjected that skill to so cruel a test.

58. **Gorgon** (p. 81). A fabled female monster, frightful to look upon. Medusa, the most famous of the Gorgons, had hair of serpents, and her gaze turned the beholder into stone.

59. **There is No Spirit** (p. 82). To this "lame and impotent conclusion," a Utah educator is said to have come as the result of his devotion to "Higher Criticism" and so-called "Science."

60. **Curse Had Fallen** (p. 85). "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord" (Jeremiah 17:5).

61. **Isle's Redemption** (p. 88). The war between the United States and Spain was to free Cuba from Spanish misrule. The conflict was precipitated by the blowing up of the United States warship "Maine", in Havana harbor, February 15, 1898.

62. **Ocean's Wandering** (p. 88). The Great Salt Lake is the residue of a much larger body of water, the ancient

basin of which, with its fossil relics, is known as Lake Bonneville, so named for an early explorer.

63. **Manila's Fiery Laurel (p. 89).** In Manila Bay, Island of Luzon, one of the Philippines ,May 1st, 1898, Commodore Dewey attacked and destroyed the Spanish fleet and silenced the shore batteries. In this famous battle not one American life was lost.

64. **Golden Portal** (p. 90). The Golden Gate, entrance to the harbor of San Francisco.

65. **Dream of Ages** (p. 90). An allusion to the glorious future of America, Land of Zion, the place of the New Jerusalem, to be reared before the second coming of the Saviour.

66. **Lethe-seeking Lover** (p. 90). Lethe, a fabled river, drinking of the waters of which caused forgetfulness.

67. **Moloch Civilization** (p. 97). Moloch was a Phenician god, whose worship embraced human sacrifice.

68. **The Pit** (p. 100). A reference to the Stock Exchange.

69. **Pandemonium** (p. 100). The Infernal regions: any place or gathering remarkable for disorder and uproar.

70. **Juggernaut** (p. 100). A Hindu idol, carried on festival days in a great car, before which the devotees of the god are said to have thrown themselves, that they might be crushed under the ponderous wheels, thus making their lives an offering to this deity.

71. **My Model** (p. 101). An allusion to Ralph Waldo Emerson, American philosopher and poet, author of the verses, "Good-bye, Proud World".

72. **Gethsemane** (p. 102). The Garden in which the Saviour prayed just prior to his crucifixion.

73. **All Pains Including** (p. 103). That He might make an infinite atonement and thus place salvation within the reach of all, our Saviour, in his martyrdom, suffered the pangs of every member of the human family (Book of Mormon, II Nephi 9:21,22).

74. **Alma's Pride** (p. 104). Another Book of Mormon allusion (Mosiah 27:11-24).

75. **As When Thomas** (p. 104). See St. John 20:24-29, for an account of the risen Saviour's appearance to Thomas, the Apostle.

76. **Faith's Mightier Test** (p. 106). Man in his first or spirit estate "walked by sight". In his second estate, the mortal probation, he is required to "walk by faith" (II Corinthians 5:7), believing without seeing.

77. **Onward Falling** (p. 107). "Adam fell that men might be" (II Nephi 2:25). The fall, therefore, had a two-fold direction—downward yet forward, and was preliminary to the upward march of eternal progress.

78. **Heaven Becoming** (p. 107). Earth is to become a heaven, an eternal abode for the righteous.

79. **Perfect Stature** (p. 107). The full stature of Godliness, attainable by men and women as the offspring of

Deity. "God himself is an exalted Man."—Joseph Smith.

80. **Guard the Gateway** (p. 109). See Doctrine and Covenants, 132:18-19.

81. **Ingrate Rebellion** (p. 109). The deliverance of the Philippine Islands from Spanish rule was followed by the rebellion of the Filipinos against the Americans, their deliverers, who succeeded in quelling the insurrection and restoring order.

82. **Easter Dawning** (p. 112). Easter, observed throughout Christendom as the day on which the Saviour rose from the dead.

83. **Seal and Promise** (p. 113). Eternal marriage, "made and entered into and sealed by the Holy Spirit of Promise" (D. & C. 132:7).

84. **Saul's Conversion** (p. 117). Saul's conversion to the Christian faith is narrated in the Ninth Chapter of Acts.

85. **Seemed it Late** (p. 117). "One born out of due time" (I Cor. 15:8).

86. **Not One Whit Behind** (p. 118). "I was not one whit behind the very chiefest apostles" (II Cor. 11:5 and 12:11).

87. **Most Abundant** (p. 118). "I labored more abundantly than they all" (I Cor. 15:10).

88. **Faith, Hope, Love** (p. 118). "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity" (I Cor. 13:13). Charity is the pure love of God; Paul extols it even above hope and faith.

89. **The Crown** (p. 118). "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness" (II Timothy 4:8).

90. **No Terror** (p. 119). "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory" (I Cor. 15:55).

91. **Disclaiming Knowledge** (p. 120). Peter, through timidity, denied that he knew Jesus, for whose death the Jewish mob was clamoring. But he did not repudiate Him as the Saviour. To disclaim acquaintance with a man is one thing; to deny that he **is** a man is quite another. What Peter said and did on that occasion is told in Matthew 26:69-75.

92. **Head Downward** (p. 120). Peter, the chief Apostle, after being "endued with power from on high" (Luke 24: 49; Acts 2:1-4) became a stalwart champion of the Christ, and endured faithful to the end. It is traditional that when about to be crucified by the Romans, he begged the boon of being hung with his head downward, not deeming himself worthy to die as his Lord had died.

93. **The Vineyard** (p. 122). Figuratively the Earth, or this mortal existence.